

**LIFE**

SPECIAL ISSUE

U.S. ENTERTAINMENT



SPECIAL TWO-IN-ONE HOLIDAY ISSUE

**35** CENTS



# All that a CHRYSLER has?

freeze costs. Requires an oil change *only once every 5,000 miles*. There are only 8 chassis lubrication points to service.

**Meticulous steps are taken** to insure the life of parts that are seldom or *never* seen by a Chrysler owner. The muffler and tailpipe are aluminized to give up to 100% longer wear. Window channels are protected by heavy galvanized coatings. They will last up to 50% longer. One of the secrets of Chrysler quietness is a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch silencer pad in the roof (*a feature not found in some cars—and not exceeded in any*). The springs *inside* the seat cushions are painted for longer life. There are other examples of hidden Chrysler thoroughness, of course.

**The side glass in every Chrysler** is the same type that protects hockey spectators in New York's Madison Square Garden. Chrysler glass all around is the clearest, safest known.

**Chrysler's optional Constant-Control** power steering, with a new spring-loaded design, lets you park easier, surer. Driving is safer, more relaxing.

**Torsion-Aire Ride**, standard on every Chrysler model, has never been equalled for cornering, comfort, and control.

**Total-Contact brakes** have up to 250 square inches of bonded brake lining—*more than any other car*. Each front brake

shoe has its own activating cylinder. Longer wiper blades wipe more window area when clear vision is essential.

**Rigorous testing.** In the laboratory, proving ground, and on the open road. Cross-country driving tests were pioneered by Walter P. Chrysler. Chrysler cars had to better competitive models in meeting the challenges of varying road surfaces, altitudes and climatic conditions. Rigorous testing continues to be one of Chrysler's proudest traditions.

**This is our invitation:** We have told you some of the reasons no other car has *all* that Chrysler has. But to complete this story you must drive a Chrysler. You must feel and experience its ride yourself. Your Chrysler dealer invites you to do just that. Alone . . . and at your convenience.

**There are 15 new models** to choose from, including a new Windsor convertible. The manufacturer's suggested retail price appears on every new Chrysler model in your authorized dealer's showroom. These prices will show you that Chrysler sets the standard for enduring value.

## **LION-HEARTED CHRYSLER '59**

has a new personality. It is exciting, beautiful, powerful, agile and adventurous. It can best be described as *lion-hearted*.



*In the style that set the standard for an industry: Chrysler Windsor 4-Door Hardtop in Lustre-Bond Radiant Red and Ivory White.*

## Does any other car have a

*Before you make a new car decision, you owe it to yourself to spend a few minutes with Chrysler...right now. For here on these pages is a story no other car can tell. We ask you to consider these facts...invite you to ride in this car...to drive it. Then decide for yourself if any car other than a Chrysler can really satisfy you...in so many ways.*

**New Swivel Seats** turn out 40 degrees. This new Chrysler option makes entry and exit graceful and easy. Rear door entry is also easier than other cars in its field.

**Real stretch-out living room!** Chrysler gives you the legroom, the headroom, the hiproom you need for true driving comfort. Six-way power seat option travels fore and aft 5 inches, up and down 2.6 inches; the *biggest range in the industry*. The largest selection of color-keyed interiors in its field is available. Seat cushions have up to 3 inches of foam rubber padding. Floors are deep-pile-carpeted door to door. Most fabrics are nylon-faced. Durable and fade-resistant. Easy to clean. Steering wheel position provides more driver room. Steering wheel design (lower across the top) permits unimpaired visibility. Instruments are easy to see.

**Auto-Pilot**, a Chrysler engineering first, lets you pre-set your speed. Warns if you go too fast. Holds your speed, too. Actually lets you cruise with your foot *off* the accelerator. And this optional driver-assist saves on gas, too...up to 15%.

**Chrysler offers push-button controls:** transmission, radio, instant heater, air-conditioner. A fingertip touch activates power windows, power seats, outside antenna.

**No waxing for up to three years.** The finish begins deep-down, with a primer coat that has great resistance to chipping, blistering and corrosion. The colors are Lustre-Bond, the *hardest* of all known automotive finishes. So durable that for up to three years, only a quick rinse is needed to renew its showroom sheen.

**The only completely new engine** in the industry. The Golden Lion V-8—up to 350 horsepower, 10.1 to 1 compression ratio. Shorter piston stroke reduces friction. Rubber-mounted. Very quiet. Its new fuel filtration system is so efficient that even a fine dust particle can not pass through.

**The Golden Lion** is more powerful, yet even lighter than last year's Mobilgas Economy winner. Its lighter weight reduces the cooling system capacity by 8 quarts. Cuts anti-



1,076 TROMBONES AT BIG BAND FESTIVAL





FOLD OUT



Knowledgeable people give Imperial,  
a present of particular quality. Gift wrapped, gaily spangled,  
nothing is easier or more correct to give...and the  
gleaming foil package doesn't cost you an extra cent.



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BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEY, 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

# LIFE

## A TWO-IN-ONE ISSUE DEVOTED TO THE FUN AND EXCITEMENT OF U.S. ENTERTAINMENT

ENTERTAINMENT, according to Webster, is "that which engages the attention agreeably, amuses or diverts." This year-end double issue of LIFE has been planned with precisely these purposes in view. It has been designed, in short, for fun. For the love of fun, the desire to be amused and diverted, is a deep inborn attribute of mankind. It runs back through history, beyond the Roman games and Greek drama, beyond the Cretan bull-leaping spectacles and Egyptian dancing girls—back to prehistoric times, some 8,000 years ago, when man invented his first true musical instrument, the flute. Today the U.S. entertainment business is one of the giants in the national economy. Never before have so many people passed so many of their waking hours being entertained. Never before have so many creative people worked so hard to beguile the national audience—an audience that includes virtually everybody above the age of 2.

The spectacular flowering of U.S. entertainment is due in part to the growth of prosperity and leisure, in part to the growth of U.S. technology. Although Europe has excelled in creating much of the materials of entertainment—great plays, great music—it is America that has perfected the means of bringing entertainment to all people. And our contributions to entertainment are by no means confined to mechanics. It was here that the purely American folk art known as jazz was born, and with it the footwork that has made American dancing imitated around the world. Here too cinema photography has been brought to new heights of grandeur, and the art of musical comedy transported into a rich new dramatic domain.

In this issue, therefore, LIFE presents a cavalcade of the glittering, gossamer world of American entertainment. A listing of the contents, story by story, is presented on the next page. The stories do not purport to survey all levels of this cosmos from the rarefied realms of experimental drama and modern dance to the seamy sub-basement of honky-tonk and striptease. They do spotlight those areas of the performing arts which reflect the highest measure of proficiency and general enjoyment.

While endeavoring to provide fun, LIFE's editors themselves have had fun in the preparation of this issue. Entertainment will, of course, be a subject of continuing interest throughout the coming year. But as we look toward January we will again be concerned with life in all its aspects. For instance, in preparing our next issue we will be trying to find out what was learned from the monkey which was rocketed into space, and what a great photographer, Henri Cartier-Bresson, learned and recorded on a journey through Red China.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



## GREAT AMERICAN MIDWAY

Sixteen color pages show the U.S.'s vest entertainment midway—from draped damsels of Las Vegas (left) to 194 school bands massed with 1,076 trombones (cover).

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# DON'T TRADE YOUR HEADACHE



# FOR AN UPSET STOMACH!

Take Bufferin for fast pain relief without stomach upset

You may feel that headaches and stomach upset naturally go together. But perhaps your pain reliever is causing your stomach upset.

You see, all leading pain remedies contain aspirin. Yet aspirin by itself is acid, *acetylsalicylic acid*. It can increase stomach acidity, make you feel queasy and sick.

That's why so many doctors specify Bufferin. Di-Alminate\*, Bufferin's exclusive combination of anti-acids, counteracts acid, protects against the stomach distress so often associated with ordinary pain remedies.

Medical studies show that Bufferin is four times better tolerated by the stomach than straight

aspirin. Bufferin is two times better tolerated than the remedy widely advertised as a "combination of ingredients."

Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin for millions—even faster for many others!

Clinical tests continue to confirm Bufferin's tremendous speed of action in getting its pain reliever into the blood stream where it *must* go to relieve pain. And Bufferin contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine.

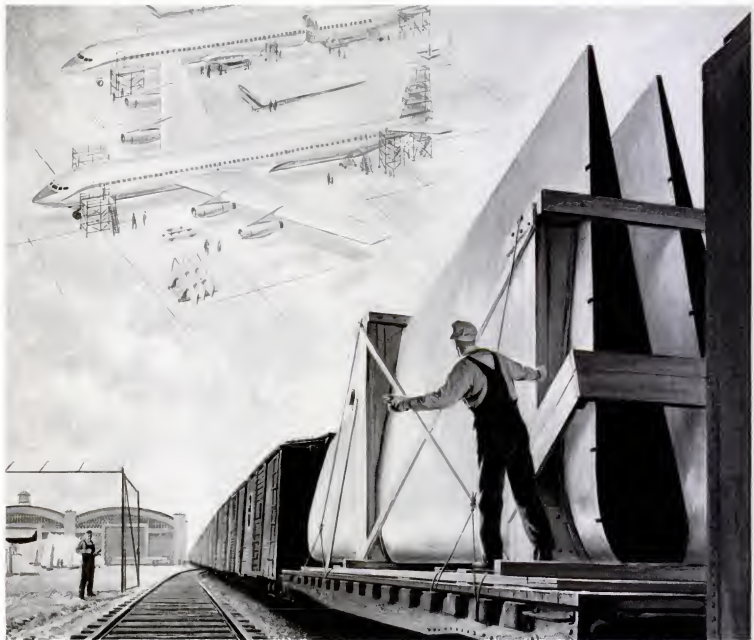
So for safe, speedy relief of headaches, muscular aches and pains, neuralgia and painful cold miseries, be sure to choose the modern pain remedy . . . fast-acting Bufferin.



Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

\*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

**BUFFERIN ACTS TWICE AS FAST AS ASPIRIN FOR MILLIONS . . . EVEN FASTER FOR MANY OTHERS!**



## America's jet age rolls in on rails of steel

**Another example of how railroad progress goes hand in hand with U. S. progress**

New York to London in only 6½ hours! That's the flying time of today's dramatic new jet planes—as America advances into the jet age.

Assembling jet planes—from raw material to finished product—calls for a massive job of hauling. So naturally, the builders turn to the railroads. For no other form of transportation can move such huge quantities of materials with the efficiency and economy of the railroads.

In fact, the railroads are absolutely essential to the growth of our economy and to our national defense. The country couldn't do without them. That's why the railroads should be allowed equality of treatment and opportunity with their competitors.



**RAILROAD PROGRESS:** Push-button control of hundreds of miles of track increases the efficiency and capacity, and improves the service of today's modern railroads.

**AMERICA MOVES AHEAD WITH THE RAILROADS**

Association of American Railroads, Washington, D. C.



**ESSENTIAL TO THE NATION'S ECONOMY**

*Move up  
to quality-*



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

*Move up  
to Schlitz!*

Certainly you want the best for guests. And here is quality you can always offer . . . refreshing Schlitz! It's one of the finer things of life within reach of all. For the holidays, have Schlitz on hand and serve it proudly.

**World's best seller at any price**

© 1958 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



# THE GREAT AMERICAN MIDWAY







THE GREATEST CARNIVAL "TALKER," NATE EAGLE, OF THE WORLD OF MIRTH SHOWS, EXHORTS A CROWD

## NATION'S SPECTACLES MAKE DAZZLING ARRAY

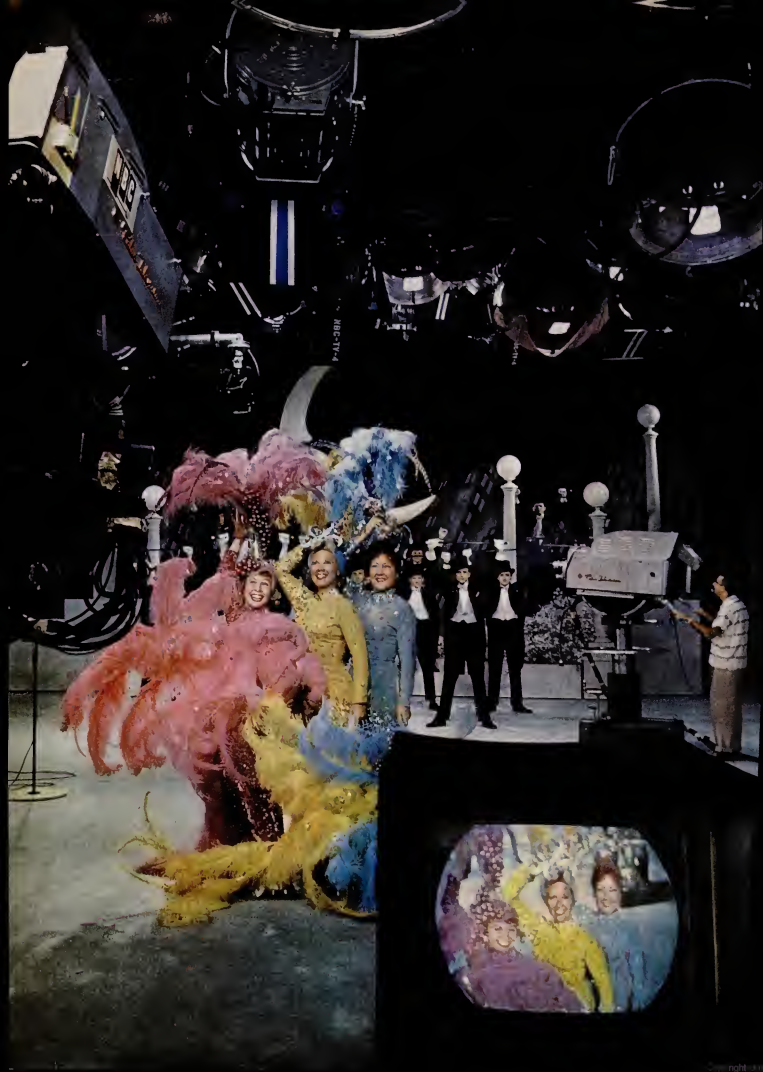
Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! On the carnival midway the talker makes his pitch and the tomtoms thump, the Ferris wheels squeak, a Little Egypt wiggles, fire-eaters spit flame and the sickly sweet smell rises from the popcorn and hot taffy.

This carnival feeling of variety and excitement has spread across the whole U.S. LIFE has expanded the definition of midway to describe the all-over spectacle of American entertainment and on the first 16 pages of the special issue presents samples of the biggest, brassiest, lushest, most extravagant midway the world has ever seen. Many of its attractions are outdoors—water shows, drive-in movies, fairy-tale amusement parks—for not since the days of ancient Greece and Rome has a nation assembled so much alfresco entertainment. Indoors there are the theatrical temples of Broadway, the gaudy nightclubs, the rain-

bow-lighted electronic jungles of the TV studios. Swarming this midway are customers by the million; this year \$2 billion clicked across the box-office counters.

These customers demand the very best and the modern midway impresario must spend like Croesus to lure them into his scattered tents. Where is Europe's—and the world's—greatest floor show? Whisked over from Paris at a cost of a mere million, it is playing to packed tables in a nightclub in Las Vegas (left).

Along this midway the pitchman's magic has lost none of its allure. Gone is the crackling patter that could drag the rubes in to see two-headed calves—and gone are the rubes as well. But in their place the modern sophisticate still stirs to the same tantalizing, high-blown promises that he will be thrilled, amazed, amused. You've paid your money, folks, now step right up.





## The Circus

Here come the elephants! Splayfooted and critical, the great clown Lou Jacobs watches the pachyderms perform at Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus in Pomona, Calif. U.S. circuses have weathered stiff competition and severe financial troubles and now, battered but in the black, are luring 14 million Americans into tents and arenas to see daring acrobats, lovable clowns, talented beasts.

## Television

On the air! Turning on the charm and talent to be seen in millions of homes, Marge Champion, Dinah Shore and Ethel Merman team up on Dinah's NBC Chevy Show. The newest attraction on the U.S. midway, TV on 47 million sets blankets the country from the sunrise programs to the old movies in the late, late night. At its most lavish it offers such costly star-studded color shows as Dinah's.



## The Big Brass Band

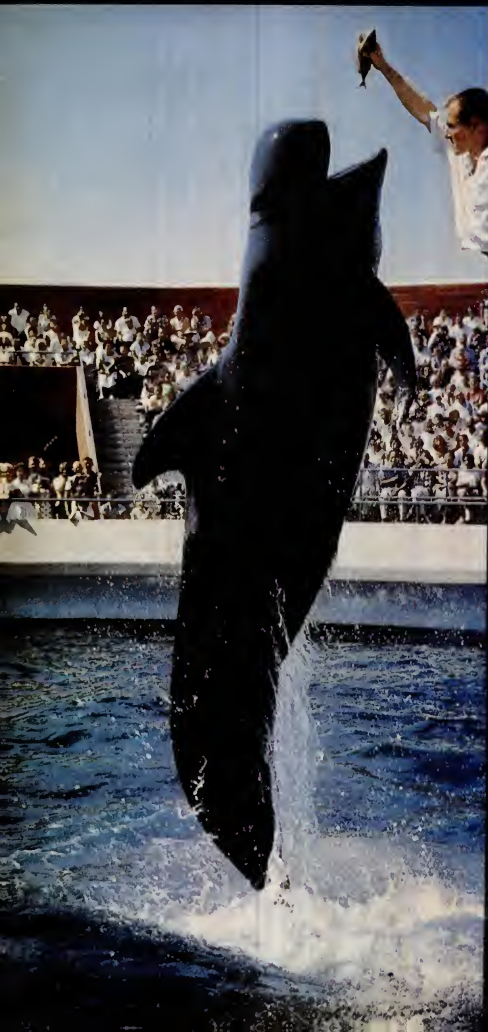
Ready? When the conductor's hands give the downbeat 1,076 trombones will split the air with a mighty yawp, 3,000 clarinets will tootle, 2,000 cornets will





blare and 1,000 horns, 1,000 drums and 800 tubas will bleat, rattle and oompah in the enormous, purposeful din. There is nothing like a big brass band to

stir the blood and this one is the biggest ever, anywhere. The players are members of 194 school bands all gathered at the University of Michigan's Band Day.



## Marine Shows

There she goes! A 1,600-pound pilot whale rockets up to nip a kipper from her keeper. This gala version of the oldtime aquarium lured 1.3 million to California's Marineland this year.



## Water Shows

Here they come! Tumbling in mock clumsiness, "silly, crazy diving maniacs" fall past the living statues to splash among the giggling girls below. These are the ruffians of Al Sheehen's Aque Follies in Seattle, and the crowd roars at their antics. But comedy is not

the only drawing card. The charm of water shows lies in the slow, sensuous movements of the swimmers, the gliding patterns of wet-limbed girls, the sudden explosions of spray as champion divers hit the water, and the cool, clear brightness of the whole spectacle.



## The Movies

Colossal! On gigantic screens with encircling sound, in drive-ins and theaters, the movies are still the main stop on the American midway. At Oak Hills near Salt Lake City, as jets etch the evening sky, Moses in *The Ten Commandments* casts his biblical wrath down at the packed cars.







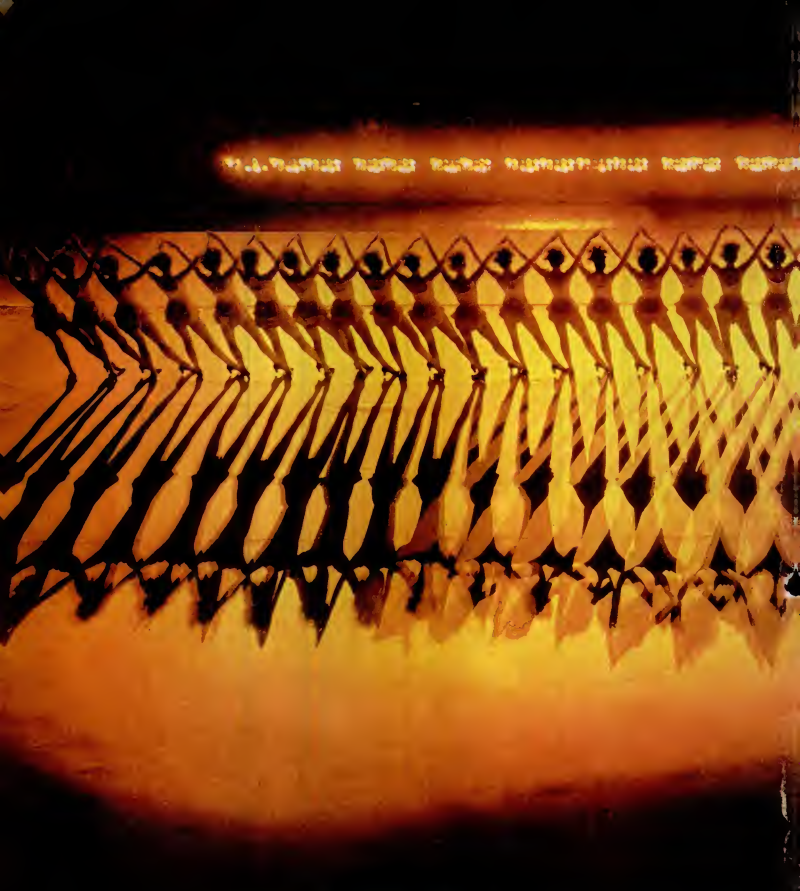


## Ice Shows

Whoosh! In a spray of silver and a crescendo of music, spangled skater Ronnie Robertson slams to a stop inches from the front row seats. This is the opera *Pagliacci*, done by John Harris' *Ice Capades*, biggest of three ice shows that have toured the whole country this year—all speed and spin and glittering grace.

## Amusement Parks

Aaah! The crowd gasps as star shells shimmer down at an amusement park. There are some 700 parks in the U.S. with thrill rides, fun houses and spun sugar candy. Here at evening's end is the greatest of all, California's Disneyland. In this child's dream world, Sleeping Beauty's castle rises, a fairy tale come true.



## The Chorus Line

Girls! Girls! Girls! Not a glance or a wiggle is out of place as the 36 Rockettes go through their precise paces at New York's Radio City Music Hall. The old,





formal, musical comedy chorus line is all but gone from the stage today. The Rockettes remain the last great outpost, so durable and wonderful that they

have become an institution, a sight to be seen like Old Faithful or changing the guard at Buckingham Palace. So far 167 million customers have seen them.



## The Theater

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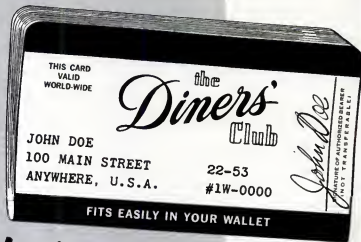


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Vol. 45, No. 25

LIFE

Dec. 22, 1958



MOST INFLUENTIAL MAN IN ROCK 'N' ROLL, TV'S DICK CLARK, SMILES HALF-MILLION-DOLLAR-A-YEAR SMILE AT LOYAL FANS SWIRLING BY HIM AT STUDIO DANCE

## NEWEST MUSIC FOR A NEW GENERATION

# ROCK 'N' ROLL ROLLS ON 'N' ON

The biggest new act going on in entertainment's age-old program is a vigorous, naive manifestation called rock 'n' roll which has created a new, sharply defined audience. It consists mainly of youngsters in their early teens. They have their own idols. The music is theirs and theirs alone—most adults don't dig it. Yet rock 'n' roll accounts for a quarter of the \$500 million the U.S. spends annually for records, and is mainly responsible for the jobs of 3,500 disk jockeys currently at work in U.S. TV and radio. The most powerful of these is Dick Clark (*above*).

Basically, rock 'n' roll—which has little musical eloquence—is a singer's highly personal way of shouting or moaning lyrics ("The Big

Sound"), mostly to a slow, heavily accentuated four-four time ("The Big Beat"), accompanied by guitar or hoarse-bonked tenor saxophone. It is eight years old but only in the past two or three years has it proven that it is more than a flash in the piano. It has, of course, been deplored, especially since its most numerous fans are girls aged 8 to 16, whose squealing, shrieking response (*p. 12*) to their idols' music sometimes turns into hysteria. As they grow older and become more mature and influential, the rock 'n' rollers may turn away from rock 'n' roll, at least in its more violent forms. But rock 'n' roll will leave its imprint on their musical tastes, and just as surely, on American popular music.

# THE DICTATOR AT HOME AND KING AWAY AT WAR



**EXULTANT IMPRESARIO** Dick Clark bursts with joy when he sees the celebrated pop singer guests

(picture at right) who appeared as a surprise on his televised birthday party in New York. He was 29.

Rock 'n' roll is making fortunes for performers like Elvis Presley (opposite), who has sold more than 30 million "single" records, and for disk jockeys like Dick Clark whose home base is Philadelphia. Clark's five-times-a-week TV show, on which teen-agers dance to records, is an institution based on his defense of teen-age behavior and taste in music. The loyalty of rock 'n' roll performers, who make sure to show up at Clark's shows, is based largely on the fact that he can make almost any record.

The rock 'n' roll record business is crazy. Anyone—*anyone*—can record and press 5,000 records for \$1,200. So there now are more than 1,500 little pop record companies who press almost any song or sound that comes along and hope the lightning will strike. It rarely does. Said a disgruntled recording executive, "Anyone who thinks he can pick what the kids'll want next, his orientation is in Cloudsville."



**SURPRISE GUESTS** at the Clark party sneak into studio: Pat Boone, Sal Mineo and Bobby Darin.



**LINEUP OF NOTABLES** at Clark party includes (starting at second left) Darin, Frankie Avalon, Boone (behind him), Mineo (front of Avalon), Clark (at mike)

is behind piano with members of Danny and the Juniors. Behind, at far right, are Little Anthony and the Imperials. Second from right is Connie Francis.



**THE ABSENT KING** of rock 'n' roll, Elvis Presley, sings to a sergeant in Germany where Elvis is a jeep driver. He just learned he had become private first

class, and though he has made 19 records that sold a million copies or more each, he was pleased by the \$13.57 raise. It means he is making good as a soldier.



"BIRD DOG," a big hit, is belted out in a Tampa ball park for an audience of 15,000 by the Everly

Brothers. The Everlys sing rockabilly, which is a combination of rock 'n' roll and hillbilly music.

## THE IDOLS AND THE AMBITIOUS



"LONESOME TOWN" is rendered by Ricky Nelson (LIFE, Dec. 1) before a teen audience in Wichita.

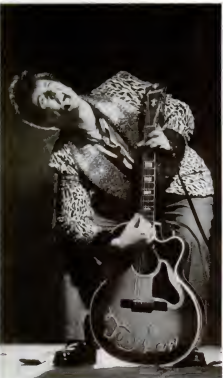
The big men of rock 'n' roll are well-paid and well-entrenched. Most of them—like the ones shown across the top of these pages—can sing proficiently and pleasingly.

But the lesser rock 'n' roll artist has come to depend greatly on "props"—well-arranged hair, trademark costume, distinctive gestures or gyrations and sly eye-rolls. These are important because his voice is often inaudible above the audience's interruptive shrieks. So he quickly acquires props. Thus, Tony Conn, 23, whose first record will be released this month by Decca, took hours of patient instruction from his tutor-managers. He selected as his costume a leopard-skin jacket with sequined lapels and orange pants. He also devoted weeks to his musical education (below) which includes daily workouts in a gymnasium where he practices his splits and bends. "He had a tendency to be over-wild," say his managers. "We've toned him down."



ROCK 'N' ROLL CONTINUED

## LEARNING HOW TO BE GOING



"LIKE WOW," a forthcoming record, begins with Tony Conn, an aspiring rock 'n' roll singer, tilting



his head back and growling a high note (left). Next he sags emotionally forward. Then (above) comes





"SLEIGHRIDE" requires a snow effect as Johnny Mathis sings it at a televised record hop in Boston.

← "BIMBOMBEY" is sung personally to starry-eyed Barbara Prince, 12, by 25-year-old Jimmie Rodgers.

## GOING \_\_\_\_\_ GONE



an expressive knee bend and a deep back bend, without the artist missing a beat or a growl. Finally,



when he gets into the song's climax he rolls over and embraces guitar. He also does shoulder dips, air

jumps and arm stretches, can sing and play completely supine. His managers now feel he's ready.

# SCREAMS AND SIGHS AT THE BIG BEAT'S BECK

It is hard to say what causes the rock 'n' roll rapture shown on these pages. Part of it comes from the carefully calculated antics of the performer, since a glance from a singer will bring indescribable joy to the girl at whom it is directed. But most of it, of course, comes from the music itself, even though the melody is monotonous and the lyrics are repetitive and frequently vulgar ("leer-ics"). But at some point, the susceptible fans hear something which triggers their emotions and sets off

a gale of screams and moans that suggest ancient Rome's Colosseum on a lay when the Romans felt particularly bloodthirsty.

That something, whatever it may be, is recognizable to its audience, even though they cannot define it. They just feel it. One thing is sure: it cannot be imitated by a non-rock 'n' roller. Song-writing veteran Hoagy Carmichael was talking about it recently. "I couldn't write rock 'n' roll if I tried," said he. "The kids would detect it as imitative right away."



**USHER DISAPPROVAL** of rock 'n' roll fans is general—as here in the Brooklyn Paramount theater.

In foreground center of this group of girls is Helen Woloch, 16, also seen in pictures at right and below.



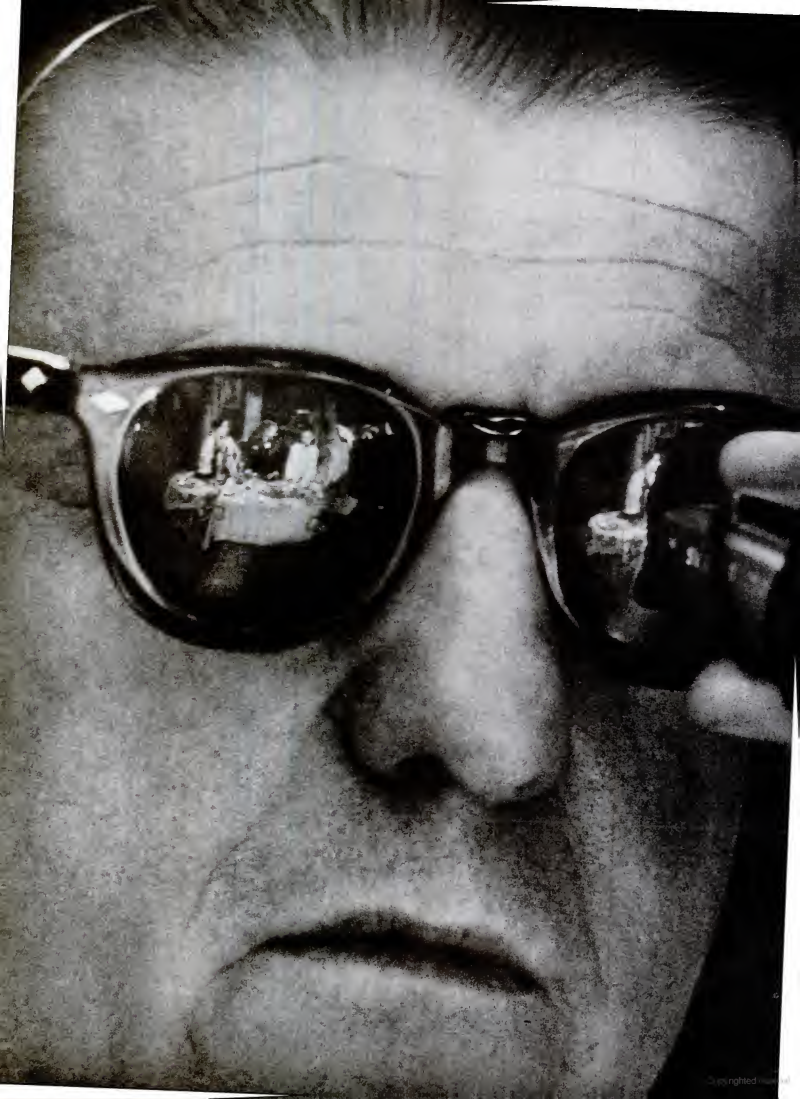
**TEEN ECSTASY** is registered by Helen Woloch as she listens to her newest idol, Jimmy Clanton, sing.



**LIFETIME MEMORY** is acquired by Helen. After standing long in the inelegant night (she had arrived at the theater that morning at 5, equipped with a day's

supply of bologna), she penetrated to the dressing rooms. There her rain-wet hair was actually touched by Singer Frankie Avalon. Helen could hardly bear it.







# GREAT DIRECTOR, GREAT STORY

With ingenuity, energy and an artist's intuition

George Stevens films 'The Diary of Anne Frank'

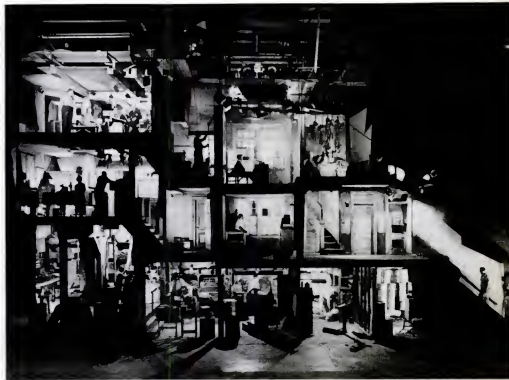
Photographed for LIFE by RALPH CRANE

Reflected in the dark glasses at left is a scene from a story that has become a classic of our time. Looking through the glasses are the penetrating eyes of an artist who is often considered the greatest practitioner of his demanding popular art. He is Director George Stevens, a man of relentlessly determined creative energies and 37 years of motion picture experience. Stevens has just spent the last year in Hollywood applying his energy and experience to filming the classic, *The Diary of Anne Frank*. This meeting of great director and great story should make movie history.

On these pages LIFE adds a documentary dimension to the meeting by presenting a unique insight into movie-making, a portrait of George Stevens at work on the film. Stevens at 54 is the winner of two Academy Awards for direction (for *Giant* and *A Place in the Sun*) and his newest work will be released by 20th Century-Fox next spring. These photographs show the methods Stevens used to achieve precisely the effects he wanted. The text, much of it in Stevens'

own words, illuminates the ways the director—alternately capoling, tender, biting—makes his actors live in situations he creates for them. "When I start I have no idea what the scene will look like," Stevens told LIFE Reporter David Zeitlin. "But I know what it should accomplish. If all of a sudden you have a feeling of actuality—but not realism for realism's sake—you are probably doing it well."

The achievement of such actuality requires enormous pains—and Stevens' simple, yet delicately attuned intuition. The hive-like set below, for example, is virtually a copy of the Amsterdam building in which young Anne Frank and seven other Jews spent two years in hiding from the Gestapo. Stevens spent six months revising the script. During filming he shot every scene from almost every possible angle. Nothing intruded on the director's utter dedication to his job. Even the ever-present dark glasses served a purpose: people who could not catch the eyes behind them would not dare to interrupt his concentration.



THE SET OF "DIARY" is a model of the Amsterdam warehouse and spice factory where Anne Frank, her family and friends hid from the Nazis. One side is open so that Stevens (entering lower

right) could move the camera from room to room in a single sequence. Room at top left is part of Secret Annex where the Franks lived. Other rooms are offices and work areas later searched by police.

# FOR A RAID, BOMBS AND SAD RECALL

*As Anne Frank's diary relates, the inhabitants of the Secret Annex were in danger from Allied air raids on Amsterdam. To help bring actuality to his raid scene, Stevens all but bombed the sound stage. Special-effects men broke heavy panes of glass, banged metal against tile and at one point dropped the whole set six inches off jacks. Recordings boomed the sound of guns and played The Star-Spangled Banner. Most of this was for the benefit of the actors: the sound track would be dubbed in later. And because there was no dialogue here, Stevens could talk to the performers during shooting. The group watched from a window broken in the raid (top, right), fearful that the bombs might kill them, yet hopeful that the raiders would succeed in their mission. Stevens' comments follow in boldface type.*

**STEVENS:** As we watch the planes we are getting the feeling of zeal. We are thinking in the spirit of the national anthem. The rocket's red glare et cetera. As long as those planes are in the sky we are in the fight. We can have the feeling of heroism, of fervor and excitement. Now we, too, are warriors.

*The director shifted his actors and gave the signal to start the cameras twice more. Suddenly in obvious irritation he called "cut" and spoke to Shelley Winters (top, opposite, fifth from left).*

**STEVENS:** Shelley, you started bugging your eyes in the middle of that scene like you were looking at a Halloween pumpkin. That's mugging, not looking.

*The group then watched as converging beams of light on a huge screen indicated that an Allied plane was being pinpointed by anti-aircraft batteries (center, opposite).*

**STEVENS:** There's a boy in that machine. He is only 18. Who is he? Where does he come from? Is he in love? Watch that lonely boy in the sky, fighting our battle.

*Shooting continued and Actress Gasi Huber began to weep. Stevens' directorial monologue had reminded her of her own unhappy experiences during the bombings of Vienna, and she was genuinely moved as the sound of firing increased and the music turned melancholy.*

**STEVENS:** He's hit. Our hero is hit. . . . Down a little faster. . . . We watch our hopes wilt like a flower. We are hopelessly outgunned. He crashes. Think about it now. Let's do whatever our responses lead us to. This is not a play. There are no stars in this. You are a lot of human beings caught in a small space. Take your time, folks, and mourn.

**Cut!** That was absolutely beautiful, folks, magnificent! It is so important that I am going to shoot it again.



DIRECTING SOUND EFFECTS DURING RAID, STEVENS CALLS FOR BOMB BURSTS AND PLANES OVERHEAD



**TWO STIRRING VIEWS** of a raid are shown here: (above), from outside as light from bomb bursts and fire is reflected in watchers' faces; (below), as they see it from inside room. In latter scene actors look toward screen on which film shows searchlight beams cutting an Allied plane. Players in top picture and their roles

are, from left: Joseph Schildkraut (Otto Frank), Gusti Huber (Mrs. Frank), Lou Jacobi (Mr. Van Daan), Millie Perkins (Anne Frank), Shelley Winters (Mrs. Van Daan), Dick Beymer (Peter Van Daan), Diane Baker (Margot Frank). Stevens chose Millie Perkins for the central role over the 10,000 unknowns considered.



STEVENS CHECKS AS SMOKE EFFECT IS TESTED

# SOLEMNITY AND PRANKS,

*The scene in which the Franks, the Van Dannels and Dussel, celebrate Hanukkah, the Jewish festival of lights, is one of varying moods. It opens with the religious solemnity of the occasion and progresses to moments of comedy when Anne Frank produces gifts for everyone in the group. The scene then shifts to a note of sheer terror (bottom right). Before starting the actual filming Director Stevens studied the set from every angle and put the actors through many preliminary readings. These were "four-wall" rehearsals, with no camera present to tempt the performers to play to it instead of each other.*

**STEVENS:** Folks, it is the feeling of warmth we have here, the warmth of a family and friends all together. It is a joy not many people feel in these awful days. We are blessed with the fervor of religion. How easy it is to forget bad fortune if you believe in these really fine things—the family, religion. Everyone has warmth in his heart.

*The readings for this part of the scene went well. Stevens brought in the camera and shot from several angles. Then the action progressed to the giving of gifts. Here the director made changes in both positions and props, personally making more ragged the muffler Anne Frank gives her father. The gifts were presented; there was a good comic moment when a cigarette explodes as Van Dussel (top right) lights it. Then Stevens talked to Ed Wynn (right center), who plays fussy, allergic Dussel, about the prank played on him.*

**STEVENS:** Ed, look over innocently. Perhaps Peter is going to bring in a banana cream cake for you. But you suddenly realize he's got the cat, that handle of allergy in there. You look around for help as you begin to choke up. You can't speak. Maybe you should point to the boy. After you gulp down your pills, you should really be choking and coughing.

*The script then called for a moment of terrible suspense. There is a sound in the building beneath the happy group.*

**STEVENS:** We've been in here a year now and we know we've got to be quiet. It's the SS down there surer than hell. They're right under your feet . . . with bayonets. Don't drop a spoon, if you do you'll be in the furnace.

*The director was not satisfied before the next rehearsal. He addressed the cast again.*

**STEVENS:** Come on now, folks. Make this a scene of sensitive, exquisite excitement. Get those shoes off ever so carefully.

Freeze. Footsteps on the stairs become a horror. You are innocent people, yet a lion with a head as big as a truck will walk in. Look at Dussel. He's going to sneeze. You're dead. You're dead! That was lovely, folks, just lovely. Can we have a little take now?"



STEVENS AND SCHILDKRAUT DISCUSS HANUKKAH SCENE



HE PULLS SCHILDKRAUT'S SCARF TO MAKE IT LOOK OLDER



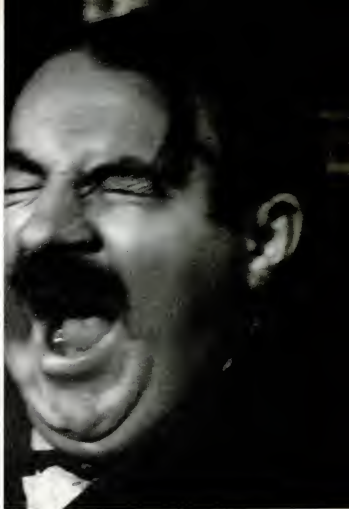
DIRECTOR DESCRIBES THE RELIGIOUS MOOD



# THEN SUDDEN TERROR



HE WANTS AS MILLIE PERKINS AND ED WYNN, WHO PLAYS THE DENTIST, LISTEN ATTENTIVELY



COMIC MOMENT OCCURS AS VAN DAAN SMOKES FAKE CIGARET

AFRAID OF SUDDEN CAPTURE, MRS. VAN DAAN STIFLES TERROR



CONTINUED



"KEEP YOUR EARS UP, UP!" STEVENS COMMANDS

## GUIDANCE WITH A GUN

Director Stevens admonished his actors to listen (above) as the Nazi police searched near their hiding place. To heighten the mood of agonized terror he fired blank rounds from a pistol (opposite) and then snarled at someone's clumsiness: "You paraded across there like somebody rushing to empty a tray in a cafeteria. Move quietly. Like a tiger. Like a snake."

Inventiveness, toughness of mind, constant watchfulness, above all an unswerving determination to achieve precise nuances—these make up the essence of Stevens' directorial method. Straightforward and apparently artless, his technique appeals even to the most experienced and sophisticated of his actors. "It's theatrical hypnosis," says Ed Wynn. And Joseph Schildkraut, after Stevens had forced the veteran actor to revise his concept of a scene he had played 1,086 times in the stage version of *Anne Frank*, commented, "Here it calls for something quite different. I had a night of meditation and reappraisal and decided that Stevens was right, completely right."



← NAZI POLICEMAN is studied by Stevens (right) through bookcase which masks door to hiding place.

SURPRISE SHOTS are fired by Stevens to get the right expression of fear in actors' faces (opposite).

TERRIFIED GROUP LISTENS AT HEAD OF STAIRS AS SEARCHING POLICE DRAW NEAR →



# THE STRUCTURE OF ENTERTAINMENT

EXCEPT FOR ONE AREA, IT'S FLEXIBLE ENOUGH TO KEEP TALENT AND AUDIENCES HAPPY

In any panoramic view of U.S. entertainment, such as this issue presents, the first impression is of the shiny and far-darting techniques at the command of show business. Hardly any American today is out of reach of some other American who is trying to make him laugh or cry or look and listen. As Adman John Cunningham has remarked, "Children, a generation ago, perhaps saw a circus once a year. Today's youngsters see two a week." Lucky kids? Certainly the affluence of American society is nowhere more evident than in the sheer quantity of entertainment at its disposal.

If you project a line from the magic lantern to the "freelies" predicted in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* we are nearing the end. Mike Todd Jr. is making a "smelly," a movie accented by scents in the theater, and last week's screening of *House on Haunted Hill* featured a new device called "Energo," which propelled a visible spook from the screen over the heads of the audience. Does all this technical progress mean "better entertainment"? Anyone who thinks so should be required to explain why Andrés Segovia doesn't even use an electric guitar. Some things are better not amplified or telecast; others, though all too available, make silence seem golden indeed.

But just as Marilyn Monroe's measurements blind some people to the fact that she is an accomplished comedienne, so the technical virtuosity of U.S. shows obscures the fact that a lot of them are very good in any league. Presley-deplorers, hummers of early Kern and other nostalgics might consider this thesis: that the quality, as well as the quantity, of entertainment available in America has never been so high as it is right now. This thesis, though defensible, will not be pursued here because the quantity of both good and bad is too enormous for quick sorting. Instead we suggest a simpler inquiry into the structural health of the entertainment world. Does it give every real talent a fair chance at its audience, and does it give every audience an adequate choice of talent?

Not long ago the legitimate theater was in danger of becoming a branch of the Manhattan real-estate business, its productions limited by the availability of a few theaters mostly controlled by the Shuberts. But there were just too many young actors, producers, playwrights and other stage-struck types to be silenced by that kind of economics, and a whole new frontier-suburb of show business sprang up—the vital and flourishing off-Broadway stage. And although "the road" is gone for good, the amateur and semipro theaters in hundreds of communities (see p. 122) have more than filled its place. From either side of the footlights, live theater is very much alive.

How about Hollywood? Not since the death of vaudeville had there been so sad a story: half the U.S. movie audience disappeared in the last 10 years. But it is not sad for the remaining moviegoers or for the good movie-makers. The latter are thriving on far better movies than they made when their industry merely stoked a twice-a-week national habit, and when every organized interest group, not to mention the Hays office, held a veto over what could be shown. Both the supply and the demand of U.S. movies, once two matched monoliths, have been fragmented into smaller, more specialized and (if you except the teen-age and horror markets) much healthier units. The independent producer who now rules the movies can make just about anything he and his various audiences want.

This improvement was accompanied by the internationalization of the U.S. movie business. Not only do foreign audiences now bring over half of almost any picture's gross, but foreign talent, crews, locales and even financing (including the subsidy offered by the British government) are employed by American

producers as readily as they employ those at home. Whatever the reasons and motives, the result has been to enrich the U.S. screen with new faces, scenes, ideas and stories. The American producer, director and star no longer monopolize the movie business, but they still dominate it and it is a freer and better medium of international scope.

What halved U.S. movie audiences, and will eventually reduce foreign audiences, was, of course, TV. So many critics have assailed the sleazy and self-imitative bulk of TV output that we will not discuss this here. With so omnivorous a medium, the natural limits on talent will probably always condemn most of its station-hours to old movies, rerun serials, nonstop pitchmen-prattlers and similar junk. What John Crosby calls TV's "creeping mediocrity" is even charged with brutalizing, cretinizing or at best homogenizing our young. But this charge raises a prior question: is TV really part of show business?

At present it is, of course, and a most important part, with many considerable achievements to its credit. But its economic structure has a basic difference from that of the other "public arts," as Gilbert Seldes calls them. This structure is flawed by hybrid motives, which come between the entertainer and his audience, to their mutual detriment. TV is becoming a subsidiary, instead of a vehicle, of advertising. Both are honorable professions, but more so when kept separate.

The same thing happened, though not so quickly, to radio—this should have been a warning. From the days when Jack Benny first allowed himself to say "Jello again," the confusion of stars and products, of public art and public selling, has become more and more hopeless. It is a tribute to Benny and others that they can hold audiences anyway, but it may be a losing game. TV has been able to create audiences and addicts, but it has shown little power to create new loyal fans—still less to hold them. Only entertainers, not products, can do that. The distinctive mark of TV's "boom or bust" programming is its faddish fickleness from season to season: giveaways and plunging necklines one year, then comics and quiz shows, now westerns. Minority audiences may be large and profitable, out-of-fashion performers may be the best in their line; but TV as now organized shortchanges both when the time can be more profitably sold elsewhere.

The networks might correct this by taking all program control away from the advertisers, as is the practice in British commercial TV. The question could also be tested by really trying a parallel system of pay-as-you-listen TV, with a view to restoring the direct relation between entertainer and audience. In Gilbert Seldes' words, pay-TV would "put an end to the real monopoly in broadcasting, which is a monopoly of purpose." Unless the pure purpose of entertainment controls at least some TV channels, the medium will continue to lose or damage its best talent. Show business then will turn up somewhere else.

It will turn up somewhere else, that is, so long as the desire to entertain and to be entertained remains as widespread as in the U.S. today. No electronic device can by itself create or satisfy this desire, or supplant the personal talent, developed by hard work, that makes a successful entertainer. Mere techniques can and will be copied; Japan and India already make *more* movies than Hollywood. But as their amazingly successful tours have shown, no nation has a copy of Marian Anderson, of Danny Kaye, of the Jerome Robbins ballet, of Louis Armstrong—not to mention the triumphs of the Boston Symphony and the New York Philharmonic. With the exception noted, the U.S. entertainment industry is by and large so structured that a variety of talents like these can emerge, find huge audiences, and hold their place with the world's best. That is an asset worth preserving.





Campbell's  
Vegetable Soup  
gives you  
Vitamins,  
Proteins,  
Minerals, too!

## Have you had your soup today?

You spoon up a gardenful of goodness from every delicious bowlful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Green vegetables, yellow vegetables—15 prize Campbell vegetables—in nutritive beef-and-vegetable broth. *Everybody* loves soup. And all Campbell's Soups are quick and thrifty. They make it so easy to enjoy the happy, healthy habit: Once a day . . . every day—SOUP!



*In gleaming golden foil*

So proudly you'll give...this

This Christmas, once again, Seagram's 7 Crown will be the thoughtful greeting, the grand gesture. For year after year this is the one spirit most preferred by more people in more places than any other whiskey in the world.



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Give **Seagram's** and be **Sure**

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



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Jell-O is a registered trademark of General Foods Corp.

On The Tenth Day of Christmas My True Love Gave to Me  
 10 Raspberry Jell-O 9 Lovely Lemon 8 Lime a'Twinkling  
 7 Amber Apple 6 Big Black Raspberry 5 Golden Orange  
 4 Gracious Grape 3 Black Cherry 2 Cherry Bright  
 And a Strawberry Jell-O in a Tree!

IT'S NATIONAL **Merry Christmas to Everyone from Jell-O** WEEK!





# SHORT HAPPY LIFE OF A TV JOKE



**JOKE ORIGINATED** in CBS studio in New York. Ed Sullivan and Rickie Layne are on camera, and on the studio monitor at right is the scene as the nation saw it.

## LIFE gives a transcontinental view of what happens as gag arrives from Sullivan show

In the primitive years of U.S. entertainment a joke was born and lived on throughout the land for months. Today, in the TV era, it evaporates seconds after it has simultaneously tickled, in varying degree, about a quarter of the population. The most widespread of the cross-country gags are provoked by a variety show, that "something-for-the-whole-family" phenomenon. One of them, *The Ed Sullivan Show*, caused the laughs shown in this story (the laughs on this page can be found in the pictures that follow).

The granddaddy of varieties, Sullivan's show has been on the air since 1948 and has tried everything from the Moiseyev dancers to Lauren Bacall reading "Casey at the Bat." On Nov. 30, Sullivan had Ventriloquist Rickie Layne and his puppet Velvel. They were talking about football and Velvel said, "I also played for Notre Dame." "Were you a student?" asked Ed. "No," said Velvel, "a goal post." At that instant 40 million Americans reacted and LIFE photographers from East to West caught their responses.



TV JOKE CONTINUED

## From a belly laugh in Brooklyn



**IN BROOKLYN**, guests at the Hotel St. George salt water swimming pool sit at water's edge and watch

the show. Only real laugh from football joke came from building contractor Nick Levin, a Sullivan fan.



**IN FLORIDA**, at Hialeah Race Track, employees of Calumet Farms stalle smile at Rickie's joke during

**IN NEW CASTLE, DEL. MOTEL**, JAPANESE WRESTLER TOKYO JOE AND HIS WIFE CHORTLE AT GOAL-POST GAG. JOSEPH, 13 MONTHS, ISN'T LOOKING BUT IS AMUSED





their regular evening TV-watching session outside horse stalls. They all thought the joke pretty funny.

## ...to chuckles in Palm Springs



**IN PALM SPRINGS**, at the winter home of Mr. and Mrs. George Barrett of Chicago, Velvel brings

chuckles from the Barretts and guests, including TV's Wyatt Earp, Hugh O'Brien, seated at right.

**IN DETROIT'S NEW GRACE HOSPITAL TRACTION WARD**, TWO PATIENTS AND A VISITOR SMILE AT RICKIE LAYNE WHILE NURSE MARY AUGUSTINE LAUGHS OUT LOUD



CONTINUED



**OUTSIDE HIS TRAILER** in a Sarasota, Fla. camp, Edward A. Ritchey, 63, and his wife Florence watch

show. Ed, a retired printer, laughed twice at the joke since his wife always repeats the punch line.



**ON FARM** in Cornelius, N.C., tenant farmer Thomas B. Knox, his wife Ida and the four children, all

in Sunday clothes, enjoyed Rickie—though Ida felt that for a ventriloquist he moved mouth too much.



**IN A CABIN** high on Colorado peak two state police radio men react but later said joke was "unfunny."

**FAR FROM HOME**, in San Francisco's Mark Hopkins, New Jersey insurance man E. R. Hurd watches,



**AT GIRLS' SCHOOL**, Rosemary Hall in Greenwich, Conn., of 15 gathered in a recreation room a few

## From Sarasota







girls roar at Rickie Layne's ventriloquist routine. Later one of them said, "Velvel, he's the cutest!"



IN A SUBMARINE, atomic-powered *Nautilus* tied up in New London, Conn., the goal-post gag gets

howls from Sonarman Striker Fowls (center rear), Torpedoman O'Neill (left), Engineman King (right).

## trailer camp . . . to San Francisco hotel room





**COACHES MIDGET-LEAGUE TEAM.** For the past two years, Theodore W. Fickert, TV technician of Hatfield, Pa., has shown his 25-boy club how to play baseball. Active in community causes, he helped organize the Hatfield Junior Chamber of Commerce, and served as its secretary and state director; participates in the Heart Fund and other worthy drives; and is on the planning committee of St. Peter's Lutheran Evangelical Church.



**A BRIGHTER, CLEANER CITY** owes much to Bryce McNeely's work in connection with the Kelso, Wash., program for civic beautification. Bryce is on the mayor's committee for school and city improvement, is state JC vice president, and promotes young men's leadership training.



**MAKES OTHERS' TROUBLES HIS OWN.** One of the few TV technicians in an 85-mile area, T. E. "Buck" Adams of Channing, Tex., often aids in road-side emergencies, helps pen run-away cows, and has worked to improve local Baptist Church, parsonage.

**CRIPPED CHILDREN LEARN TO WALK** through fund-raising efforts of Vernon E. Brooks, Norristown, Pa., who helped obtain \$100,000 to build a school for spastic paralytics. Mr. Brooks (center) is a director of the Chamber of Commerce, and a prime mover in Red Cross, Community Chest, United Fund, and Salvation Army work. As national president of the American Business Club, he helped obtain more than 100 scholarships for the training of physical and speech therapists. He is chairman of the Muscular Dystrophy unit for the Tall Cedars of Lebanon.



# All-American TV Technicians

**HELPED TORNADO VICTIMS.** When disaster struck the area around Menomonie, Wis., on June 4, Vernon Townsend quickly organized emergency radio facilities to speed relief to the sufferers. A leading member of the Radio Amateur Civil Emergency service, he is active in Dunn County civil defense work, and also maintains a radio entertainment service for the local city-county hospital.

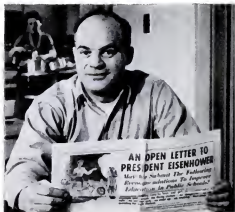




**TEACHES SCOUTS RADIO.** Boys in Brockton, Mass., learn Morse Code and the elements of electronics at an early age, from instruction by TV technician Albert P. Kazukonis. Much of the equipment he supplies without charge. A devoted youth and community worker, Mr. Kazukonis is treasurer and a past president of the Electronic Technicians Guild of Massachusetts, Brockton Chapter.



**DONATED LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM.** The 1958 Centennial parade and pageant at Bloomington, Minn., owed much of its success to the fine amplifier system installed without charge by Edwin B. Haines. Ed is widely known for the time, effort, and equipment he has supplied for the 2,000 boys in Bloomington's sports program. He is a leader and counselor in Boy Scout work, and gives assistance to the Lions and the Bloomington Civic League.



**SPENDS TO PROMOTE EDUCATION.** Out of his own pocket, A. George Catavolo, TV technician of Somerville, Mass., financed two full-page newspaper ads which presented to the President recommendations on public school education. Last year George contributed over 30 radios, plus his time, to teach boys electronics.



**WORLD OF TOMORROW!** This novel space radio-man hat, invented by Stanley Everett of Alhambra, Cal., helped publicize many worthy drives. Stanley is president of the Los Angeles Electric League; a director of the Alhambra Chamber of Commerce; past president of Kiwanis and district chairman of the United Fund drive.



**COMMUNITY SERVICE** is a watchword with Wayne E. Lemons of Buffalo, Mo. An active Rotarian, he works with Boy Scouts, promotes Little League baseball, and has instructed TV technicians in surrounding cities. He is West Central Vice-president of the National Alliance of Television Electronic Service Associations.

# Win General Electric Awards

**P**EOPLE the nation over nominated candidates for the 1958 All-American Awards, honoring TV service technicians. This broad response showed how important a place the television technician holds in our community life, and how widely esteemed are his efforts in aid of others.

The Award winners, shown here, were chosen by a panel of judges including John Sparkman, U. S. Senator and Chairman, Select Committee

on Small Business; Bennett Cerf, television panelist and head of Random House publishing firm; and Charles Shearer, 1957-58 president of the National Junior Chamber of Commerce.

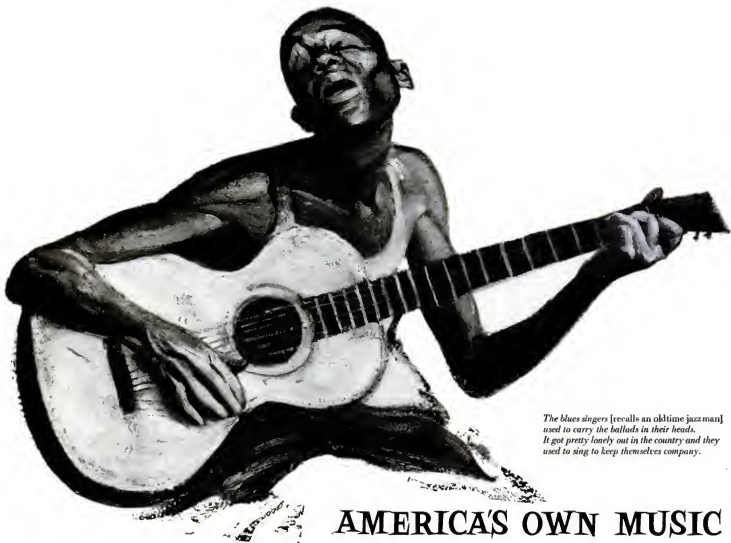
With these Awards, General Electric pays tribute to the part played by the independent television technician in making this a better country for all. General Electric Company, Receiving Tube Department, Owensboro, Kentucky.

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**  
11-11-002



Winners received this trophy, \$500 for community benefit, and a trip to Wash., D.C., for luncheon with Senator John Sparkman.



*The blues singers [recalls an oldtime jazz man] used to carry the ballads in their heads. It got pretty lonely out in the country and they used to sing to keep themselves company.*

## AMERICA'S OWN MUSIC IN ITS LUSTY YOUTH

# JAZZ

Painted for LIFE  
by MORTON ROBERTS

Spawned in New Orleans' cemeteries and saloons, it went north by riverboat

*Trouble in mind, I'm blue. But I won't be blue always.  
'Cause the sun gonna shine in my back door someday.*

From an unpainted back step, a broken hay rake, a stump by the dusty road, the solitary Negro singers raised their song. The song was the blues. Though it sang of bad times it sang vigorously, looking to the day when good times would come. And it was this hopefulness that kept the blues from vanishing in the stiffness of the South's back country. Persisting through the post-Civil War years, the songs passed from singer to singer. They became in time the tap root of the completely original art form called jazz, which captivated the world and became America's favorite musical entertainment.

The music flourished most profusely in New Orleans—in its churches, cemeteries, saloons and sporting houses. The paintings on these pages, which Morton Roberts did on commission for LIFE, recapture the look and the flavor of old New Orleans—and follow jazz up the river when the great New Orleans era ended. The quotations printed in italics in the text and captions are taken from interviews across the country with musicians who made jazz history. Some of them are in their 80s, but their memories are vivid.

When the first stirrings of jazz were felt at the turn of the century,

the Creoles and Negroes of New Orleans already had at hand the compelling blues to add to their long tradition of work songs and spirituals. And cosmopolitan New Orleans surrounded them with a rich variety of other music. Every day and all day the city rang with music—for parades and lawn parties, for excursions and banquets and social club dances. In a city originally French, much of the music had the light beat of the quadrille. African rhythms rang out from Congo Square, a colored meeting place. Spanish rhythms drifted in from the Caribbean. Adding to the orchestration were the city's innumerable vendors who roamed the streets, singing out their wares. *The waffle man used to go 'round playin' a bugle [recalls Bassist Ed Garland]. Guys used to play combs, go by your place just blowin' on them combs. You'd hear music all the time.*

Into all this music came Buddy Bolden, probably the first man ever to organize a jazz band. Bolden listened to the spiritual singing at the churches, which rocked with a rhythm that was virtually jazz already. He listened to the vendors and blues singers. All these elements he and his contemporaries put into music a band could play for a Saturday-night lodge-hall dance. The success was instantaneous and before long every street of the raucous, sinful and yet religious city rang with the new music they were learning to call jazz.





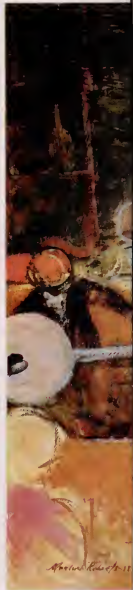
*The Holy Rollers [says Kid Ory, the famous trombonist] they'd sing and clap their hands to keep the beat. They'd have a piano and sometimes drums and they used to ask a trumpet player or a trombone player to play*

*with them while they sang. Some of the Baptists would too. The first jazz band's got most of their tunes from the church but they'd put their own feeling to it, like "The Saints" or "Make Me a Pallet on the Floor."*



*We'd play in a pavilion sometimes for a picnic, a big open place like a lawn, and people would dance right out on the grass. At that time, they had picnics every day, every day.*

*Everybody had a nice uniform in the parades and it was wonderful, um. Come bouncing along and the grand marshal out there in front with big streamers on. Wonderful.*





## 'MUSIC ALL OVER TOWN'

The host of jazz bands—colored and white—that sprang up in New Orleans found ready employment in a city that sported hundreds of active social organizations. Pleasure clubs, social clubs and fraternal groups all were calling for entertainment. They sponsored picnics, and held dances in the city's numerous halls—Come Clean Hall, Perseverance Hall, Funky Butt Hall, Cooperators' Hall. And whether it was a cotillion or a rough and tumble lawn party in a lot, the music was jazz.

*In the Irish Channel they run lawn parties and when it was time to knock off they'd take out a big .45 pistol and a bottle of whiskey, say drink and continue playin'.* "Til all of them full on the floor, and they fight, and they cut, and then they break it up.

To advertise such social events the bands would ride around in wagons. *We'd stop on corners where it was business corners—like saloons. You could hear music all over that town then.*

*The Funky Butt Hall, that place was wild as pigs' knuckles. And they had all kinds of coon shouters. A coon shouter was mostly the ones that used to sing*

*the blues—like they had Bess Thacker, they had Alma Hughes, Ann Cook. They had so many of them then. Lot of them died, and a lot of them went away.*



*There were lawn parties all over and they'd decorate them with different colored lights. In the tough districts, them people fight with theirself or they*

*beat you up. They had all types of bands and they was marvelous. Oh, that was some times, that was some times! Oh, them people had some good times!*

CONTINUED





*Tom Anderson's was a beautiful saloon, ran from Franklin to Basin streets. Anderson was the unofficial boss of Starville and his saloon was headquarters for politicians and their girls. There was a nice gentleman behind the bar.*

*Tony Jackson and Jelly Roll Morton were the big piano players of the district and played in all of those legitimate sporting houses. The girls there were up to date—fancy stockings and their hair all fixed up.*



# 'ANYTHING YOU WANT IN STORYVILLE'

*The district? That place was open 24 hours a day. No doors on the bars—they threw them doors away. And in Storyville you had anything you want. Beautiful women, man. For years you couldn't get a band out of New Orleans because it was just too great. What was you leavin'? Where you goin'? Where you goin' have any fun like that?*

New Orleans' red-light district consisted of about 40 square blocks, mostly in the French Quarter, and it was as lowly and raucous a pleasure dome as ever got decreed on earth. Its saloons ranged from elegant establishments like Tom Anderson's, where the big shots of the district habitually congregated, to the lowest type of honky-tonk and barrel house, where drinks were cheap and even women were apt to mug an unsuspecting stranger. Cabarets and dance halls studded the area and in them, night after night, could be heard the finest of the New Orleans jazz bands. And the sumptuous bordellos—Lulu White's, Josie Arlington's and Countess Willie Piazza's—were Storyville's particular pride and joy.

An uncompromising lavishness was poured into the decor of the parlors of these sporting houses, where the girls assembled to meet their guests. Lulu White once spent \$30,000 redecorating that one room. Whereas the bands worked in the district's cabarets and dance halls, the music in the sporting houses was provided by the best jazz piano players of the era—men like Tony Jackson and Jelly Roll Morton (*a nice guy but full of notoriety*). Because they made lavish tips, the piano players were the kings of the district—flashing diamonds, sporting candy-striped shirts, box-back coats and peg pants.

The girls, a dozen or so to a house, were frequently octoroon. Their customers were invariably the biggest men in the city. *When they sat down there, the big shots, all at once you heard that pistol go off—champagne. When that pistol went off, that was \$25. No little fish went in there. The girls would say: "Give the Professor something for his next selection." Then they'd ask for the blues. They liked it better and would dance and all.*





*It was pretty, all right, to see those funerals. A man belong to one of the organizations and die, his widow say "let him have music" so the organization hire a marching band. So that'd be a big funeral. On the way out*

*to the cemetery, before they bury the man, the band played most all hymns, like "Just a Closer Walk with Thee." But once they left there, then they started to sing. They wouldn't be 25 feet from the graveyard before*



they lit "Didn't He Ramble." Yes sir, he rambled, he rambled. Then they'd play "Sing On" or "The Saints." The kids would come a runnin', wanting to jump. So they'd form that second line beside the band. Everybody else

would be bouncing along too, some with baskets of flowers, some with those sharp lookin' umbrellas. I liked to see that. Finally the band would get to the lodge hall and break up and that was always the end of a perfect death.





Those old boats had a big dance floor. We'd start playing and the people would pile on 'til the boat was hardly sitting

out of the water. Out on the river people promenaded and danced. We'd play every town up and down that river.

## 'IT WAS OUR INSPIRATION'

In 1917 the ax fell on New Orleans jazz when the Secretary of the Navy closed Storyville as a menace to the fleet. Discouraged at having to leave their good times behind, the New Orleans jazzmen found an avenue of escape up the Mississippi.

For years the Streckfus line sidewheelers had been plying the river with jazz bands aboard and when they came to a river town they would play on short excursions. These visits had a profound effect on a group of white teen-agers—Jess Stacy, a budding pianist, in Cape Girardeau, Mo., Bix Beiderbecke, the future cornetist, in Davenport, Iowa, and many more.

*I can't tell you how we felt [this is Jess Stacy talking] when we heard Fate Marable's band with men who today are sort of idols—Pops Foster, Johnny and Baby Dodds, Louis Armstrong. It was our inspiration and I wanted to play in a band like that above anything else in the world.*

The inspiration found its outlet mainly in Chicago—just in time to provide the music most suitable to the wild days of prohibition and gangsters. Sometimes Capone's gang would come in, have a good time, put their guns on the table. There wasn't no trouble. Those gangsters all liked jazz. Used to bring us liquor.

From Chicago the inspiration spread and soon jazz belonged to the country—and after that, to the world.



Satchmo [this is Louis Armstrong talking] had his first job with Fate Marable. I was 19 and Bix was 16. He just sat there on the levee and listen to me blow and then go home and work. Listen, I mean work. I told him just to play

and he'd please the cats but you take a genius and he's never satisfied. Later on we'd meet when we played the same town. After we closed the doors on the cats we'd get together and have a ball. If that boy lived, he'd be the greatest.





*After jazz hit Chicago, they never had a dull moment. It went over big and people were  
culling for that. When we played the blues, and people like Joe Oliver  
started making that tica tica tweeet tica tica with that little mute,*

*started talking on that horn, well the people start screaming and throwing their hats  
away. All the womens would be going wild and we would play  
some music then. Chicago was Chicago then. Nothing happen there since.*

*Two great Kentucky bourbons  
superbly wrapped for  
holiday giving*



*No waiting for gift-wrapping  
—no extra charge*

*This year give  
holiday cheer...*  
THE THOUGHTFUL GIFT  
OF PERFECT TASTE

**Giving Old Taylor** is a most generous and thoughtful way to express best wishes to good friends at holiday gift time! For those who like all the rich, deeply mellow flavor Kentucky bourbon can offer, give 100 proof bottled in bond Old Taylor. For the same quality in milder 86 proof, give Old Taylor 86—lightest *full-flavored* bourbon you can give. Both come luxuriously gift-wrapped for the holidays. Give them with confidence that they will be most gratefully welcomed.

**Old  
Taylor**

"THE NOBLEST BOURBON OF THEM ALL"





IN CHINESE DREAM BALLET A YOUNG SCHOLAR (ED KENNEY) IS TEMPTED BY SENSUOUS STRIP-TEASER WHO REPRESENTS VISION OF GIRL HE WANTS TO MARRY.

## MARK OF THE MUSIC MASTERS

**Illustrious Rodgers and Hammerstein apply their arts to 'Flower Drum Song'**

They had not had a new show on Broadway for three years, but when *Flower Drum Song* opened this month the stamp of the two old masters—the movers and molders of modern American musical comedy—was unmistakably on it. Instead of a perfunctory plot, interrupted by musical numbers, it told an interesting story which the songs helped advance. In place of cardboard characters there were real people who burst into song or dance only when they had honest emotions to express. Instead of never-never-land settings, there was a strange but believable background.

With these elements Composer Richard Rodgers and Author Oscar

Hammerstein 2nd had wrought a revolution in the world of entertainment. *Flower Drum Song*, based on C. Y. Lee's novel, is their eighth Broadway show. Set in San Francisco's Chinatown, it chronicles the conflicts between the elders and the Americanized youngsters of the rock and egg roll set. Its cast, directed by Gene Kelly, brings two promising figures out into bigtime entertainment—Miyoshi Umeki as a demure bride, and Pat Suzuki, a raucous strip-teaser. Although not one of its creators' wallowing hits, *Flower Drum Song* has enough lovely melody and charm to earn an honorable place in their illustrious repertory.



**COMIC CRISIS** flares up in San Francisco Chinese nightclub when star entertainer (Pat Suzuki), with a master of ceremonies standing behind her, starts to

do a strip-tease in front of two conservative and horrified elders. One of them (Keye Luke) is father of the young scholar who has fallen in love with her.

CONTINUED





# NEW DREAM WHIP

DESSERT  
TOPPING  
MIX

Luscious whipped topping from a handy mix.

**Now from a magical mix**—rich, velvety whipped topping to serve on your favorite desserts!

**Dream Whip won't wilt**, won't separate, won't ever let you down. Stays perfect in the refrigerator, so you can fix Dream Whip well ahead of time or serve any that's left over the next day.

**Enjoy all you want!** Dream Whip is so low in calories—only 17 calories in a serving—low in cost, too. Serve it often.

**Stays fresh on the shelf**—both yours and your grocer's. It's fresh when you buy it and fresh when you use it. Get Dream Whip today!



Just add milk, vanilla and whip.



Whip up 2 cups of perfect topping.



Enjoy it on all your favorite desserts!



by the makers of JELL-O desserts

## FLOWER DRUM

CONTINUED



"DON'T MARRY ME" is sung by a Chinese playboy (Larry Blyden) to modest little Mei Li (Miyoshi Umeki), whom his parents have picked to be his bride.



LOVERS' CRISIS explodes before meeting of elders who expect the playboy (foreground) to go on with marriage to Mei Li, while his own sweetheart, the



## It's easy and fun to with WRIGLEY'S **SPEARMINT**

Everyone loves **WRIGLEY'S **SPEARMINT** Gum**.

So, put an open, hospitable box of **WRIGLEY'S **SPEARMINT** Gum** under your tree or around the house for holiday callers to help themselves.

Keep some **WRIGLEY'S **SPEARMINT** Gum** handy inside your door. It's a wonderful plus to go with any small gift for delivery boys—your postman and other friendly folk who serve you during the year.

For your Christmas Stocking crowd—see them grin when they pull out packages of **WRIGLEY'S **SPEARMINT** Gum**. Not filling, won't hurt appetite, aids digestion—and is always wholesome, satisfying.

The **Big** point is **WRIGLEY'S **SPEARMINT** Gum** costs so little yet is so welcome and with it there is no end to the cheer you can spread.

Another **Big** point **WRIGLEY'S **SPEARMINT** Chewing Gum** comes already wrapped in its Christmas colors of red and green on white.



strip-teaser, swats him with purse. His reluctant fiancée, who has fallen in love with another man, closes her ears as the playboy again sings *Don't Marry Me*.



A FLOWER DRUM SONG from China is sung by Mei Li as father beats gong and friend (Joanita Hall) listens. To haunting tune, it catalogues joys of living.

# remember everyone

CHEWING GUM





SUPERIMPOSED ABOVE A BROADWAY AUDIENCE ROARING WITH DELIGHT AT A COMICAL SCENE ARE NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS OF SOME CURRENT PRODUCTIONS

# Cheers for the Uninhibited

BROADWAY THRIVES BY IGNORING ALL THE RULES AND MIXING ART

THE best thing about the contemporary American theater is that it never knows what it is doing. This does not strike most observers of the theater as a virtue, of course. One and all, we spend a great deal of energy urging the theater to stand still and behave itself while we take its measurements and imagine how it might be dressed for a glorious future. But it will not stand still. Like a disobedient child, it keeps itching.

It itches in various rhythms. There is a baffling week-to-week or month-to-month contrariness. At the present writing, for instance, certain critical voices are to be heard muttering that the current season is not quite what they would like it to be: of the three musicals, eight serious plays and nine comedies that have opened this theatrical year, only two were "perfect" enough to earn unanimous endorsement by the newspaper reviewers. One of these, *La Plume de Ma Tante*, came from abroad, ready-made and pre-endorsed. The other was *A Touch of the Poet* by Eugene O'Neill, hardly a fresh new name for the theater. "Is the American theater going to fall on its face again this year?" is the question already popping up in some corners—popping up before we have learned what Christmas or Valentine or Easter presents the mercurial stage may yet have in store for us.

Then there is a long-range or seven-year-to-seven-year itch—an itch that practically everybody connected with the theater tries to cure. A genuinely intelligent theatrical producer will sit back at the end of an exhausting and perhaps financially unprofitable season, assess what he has done "wrong" and what he has "guessed right" about, analyze his competitors' obvious *gaffes* and inexplicable lucky strikes, and try to sniff out the winds that are likely to prevail next season. He goes through this little intellectual exercise for two reasons. One is that if his vision of the theatrical future is correct, if he *knows* what he is doing when he buys his next script, he will become rich enough to pay his taxes. The other is that he is also eager, all popular superstition to the contrary, to place himself in the esthetic vanguard, to nudge the theater along a bit in its eternal quest for perfection.

Critics are even more eager to reduce the frantic, hit-or-miss activity of the theater to a manageable formula. Since the reviewers are the only people who see *all* the shows in a given year, they are in the best position to decide what elusive, faintly grizzling undercurrents are beginning to reveal themselves beneath the contradictory surface currents of Broadway. When *Variety*, or some other palpitating journal with a stake in the theater,

asks the critics at the end of a season, "What new developments do you detect, where and how far are we going?" reviewers leap to the bait like a cat to the icebox. To them, the air is always full of indications.

Playwrights like to speculate, too. Is the nostalgic midwestern family play in or out? Dare I examine my adolescence once more, or have the dozens of plays between *Member of the Wedding* and *Look Homeward, Angel* exhausted this vein? Do iconoclasts like Samuel Beckett (*Waiting for Godot*) constitute the shape of things to come? The hacks need to know because their work is always cut out for them by the stencil that is coming into fashion. Even the serious playwright, lonely and nervous, cannot help but wonder whether he is still in touch with popular taste.

Luckily for the theater, it usually happens that the producer, reviewer or dramatist who engages in this sort of crystal ball gazing winds up looking a little sheepish. I speak with some authority, having carefully analyzed a successful season not long ago and decided that we were going through a period of thoughtful contemplation and creative renewal that would keep us well stocked with masterpieces for three or four years. I spent the next theater season wondering what everybody else was doing wrong.

But reviewers are not the only prophets without honor in the theater. For the past 10 years it has been the considered and eminently sensible opinion of all hands in the field of production that the musical revue—the



CRITIC WALTER KERR

## THE AUTHOR

Walter Kerr, one of the most esteemed U.S. drama critics, has served as theater reviewer for the New York *Herald Tribune* for seven years. Before that he taught drama at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., where he helped establish the university's now famous theatrical group. Author of several plays, including *Sing Out, Sweet Land!* (1944), Kerr collaborated with his wife Jean (*Please Don't Eat the Daisies*) on a current show, *Goldilocks*.





THAT INDICATE THE AMERICAN THEATER'S GREAT VITALITY AND VARIETY

# U.S. Theater

WITH BOFFOS

by WALTER KERR

random collection of sketches, dances and songs—was, for all practical purposes, washed up. The reasons given were excellent—irrefutable, really. In today's economy the costs of mounting any kind of musical are terrifying to contemplate. The chances of recouping these costs are promptly cut in half when the musical elects to get along without a "book," or narrative line. The British theater may have managed to keep the revue form flourishing by playing it cosy, putting "intimate" companies in intimate houses and letting an intimate orchestra, or perhaps just two pianos, make a limited din. But Broadway, we all said, must think big in order to survive, and intelligent vaudeville was clearly out of the question.

## Baritone solos on horseback

IT was out of the question, that is, until one November evening this year when a group of visiting Frenchmen, unfamiliar with the certainties of the American theater, opened a multiscened, substantially staffed revue with the patently uncommercial title *La Plume de Ma Tante* (one ashen backer sold out his interest 24 hours before curtain time). The first-night audience collapsed with joy, the next-morning notices were unanimously ecstatic, and the man at the box office counted 200 customers in line as he opened his window for the day. All those people who were supposed to be so passionate about plot had developed a sudden affection for baritone solos on horseback, sopranos who grew an additional two inches with each new high note and tonsured monks swooping through a belfry in jazz abandon.

It has not been so long—three or four years, say—since most observers of theatrical progress decided, sorrowfully, that all those new writers bred by television were not going to do the legitimate drama much good. Eight or ten TV craftsmen had tried to shift over to the stage, and the work of all had been carted away after a handful of performances. Theories were evolved to explain the recurring disaster. The successful TV writer's vision, it was said, had been so narrowed by that small screen, by that limited time-span and by those hushed close-ups that it was ever thereafter bound to the less complicated, thinned-out psychology and the subdued climaxes of a shorter form.

CONTINUED



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REVIVAL OF FARCE brought *The Marriage-Go-Round* in which Julie Newmar (left) offers herself to Charles Boyer. Claudette Colbert is his wife.

## UNINHIBITED THEATER CONTINUED

This satisfactory analysis of the problem was arrived at just in time to be demolished by the appearance within the past two seasons of Paddy Chayefsky's *Middle of the Night*, William Gibson's *Two for the Seesaw* (two characters only, hardly enough for anything bigger than a TV screen), and the promising—if not quite successful—*Blue Denim* of William Noble and James Leo Herlihy. All these writers were graduates of television.

Just last season old-fashioned farce was buried with solemn rites. Comedies of any kind were difficult to find on Broadway, but comedies in which anybody got hit over the head or pushed through a window were not only missing but unmourned. Only once, in March, did an irresponsible dramatist named Norman Krasna, who obviously had not heard the latest rules, dare a preposterous gesture. In *Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?* he allowed his drugged professor to mistake the basement of the Empire State Building for an enemy submarine and send it to the bottom with every pipe hissing. The gesture was greeted with mixed feelings and did not survive the summer.

I remember discussing this particular disappointment with one of our most distinguished producers, who ventured that "There just may not be room in our theater any more for an inconsequential show. Only the movies can get away with it." And this had, indeed, become an increasing conviction in recent years among the more astute managers. The theater, they said, was moving toward greater and greater seriousness, toward the "responsibility" demanded of it as an art form. In so doing, it had cut adrift all the lighter and lower forms—farce, melodrama, the theater of casual and conscious contrivance. The stage, shooting high, must narrow its course.

### Broken violins and an amorous Amazon

NATURALLY the present season opened with a succession of comedies—seven in all—in which violinists were bashed over the head with their own violins, a frantic advertising agency executive was shoved onto a window-ledge high above Madison Avenue during a rainstorm, a huge zebra-trap swung down from the ceiling of a hotel room to swallow up and hoist away anyone who dared cross the threshold, a meek bank clerk romped around in a dog suit, an even meeker inventor finally got his enemy down on his knees and then meekly offered to light his cigaret, an Amazon proposed to a college professor that he become the father of her child as soon as she could get her clothes off, and a lawyer drank two fifths of whiskey in front of a jury to show that a culprit could remain conscious while crooked. It is now clear that while the soothsayers were busy writing an epitaph for farce, the writers were busy writing nothing but farce.

This catalogue of happy fallibility could be extended. The moment we were sure that "thrillers" were a thing of the past, the 1954-55 season was saved from financial and critical disaster by the arrival of three of them, with Agatha Christie's *Witness for the Prosecution* leading the parade. By the time we had concluded that Hollywood screen writers were too immersed in banality to be of use to the theater, Ketti Frings, who had been busy as a screen writer for years and years, boldly offered us *Look Homeward, Angel*. Perhaps thrillers and Hollywood were not so easy to pigeonhole as we had supposed.

Although it is unsettling to be proved wrong so often, we may all be grateful for the theater's refusal to be bound by the good intentions of very good men. If we ever succeed in consciously patterning

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our theater, in making it do precisely what we think it ought to be doing, we are likely to paralyze it. There is plenty of proof in history. Responsible scholars took over the destiny of the Italian theater in the 16th Century; certain forms were decreed acceptable, certain others were abandoned as vulgar. Similarly earnest minds attempted to lead the French theater of the 17th Century. The British theater of the 18th Century was given a "rational" basis by men who knew what was proper. In each case, the deliberately shaped experience became an experience of boredom, and the self-consciously literary theaters of Italy and France and England turned rigid and frigid. But the so-called low-brow forms that had been outlawed as vulgar demonstrated a vitality that enabled them to survive the strictures of scholars and even the interference of police, going raucously on to create a market-place theater that, in time, helped produce Goldoni in Italy, Molière in France and Gilbert and Sullivan in England.

The vitality of any theater pretty much depends on its ability to stuff itself, more or less indiscriminately, with goodies of all kinds and from all tables, including the nickel candy counter. Shakespeare probably drew more heavily upon the cheap theatrics of the money-minded market place than he did upon the carefully tooled conceits of the Elizabethan *avant-garde*. But he drew from both, because he had not decided that either source was off limits.

One of the greatest dangers any theater faces is that of making up its mind that any one method or any one manner is the "right" one. But the greatest danger of all is that in arriving at this clear and responsible vision the theater will lop off everything that is lowest first.

There has been, for instance, a tendency in recent years to make a sharper and sharper distinction between the "art of theater" and the irresponsible contrivances of "show business," as though the former could be produced in an almost puritanical isolation and the latter could be tolerated, as any amiable human weakness is tolerated, only if a sufficiently demeaning tag were put on it.

According to this view, "show business"—with all its allure and perhaps because of its allure—is the enemy of art. It is the glittering, simple-minded, distracting dead weight that contents the foolish and drags down the aspiring. But show business has never been the enemy of art. It is, on the contrary, its line of supply.

### Chaste precision from oldtime movies

THE theatergoer who bathes himself in the brilliant mimicry of Marcel Marceau and, when he has sufficiently recovered his composure to speak, describes the precise, chaste work of the pantomimist as "pure Bach" is too often the same man who feels himself contaminated in the presence of anything that runs longer than three weeks and turns a profit. Such a man has generally not examined Marceau's sources, which, as the artist has repeatedly explained, lie in the movies when the movies were at their most vulgar. The man who admires Composer-Librettist Gian Carlo Menotti's attempts to write opera in the vernacular likes to forget that Menotti's musical and verbal phrasing both serve, and in return draw strength from, a kind of plot structure that was long ago dismissed as gaudy and violent claptrap. If Beckett's despairing abstraction, *Waiting for Godot*, is deliberate "art," how did it happen that the man who played it best—Bert Lahr—came originally from burlesque? Eugene O'Neill consciously repudiated the bravura melodrama on which his actor father and the stage of the 1890s had noisily thrived: for his father might be willing to play the *Count of Monte Cristo* for most of his life, but Eugene set out to deny his father's world. Yet a ghostly echo of that melodramatic fury of the 1890s reverberates through all of the O'Neill plays and is most probably what enables us to overlook those failures of thought and language that every O'Neill fan acknowledges.

These examples barely suggest the profit an elevated and ambitious theater can squeeze from tolerating, and taking friendly notice of, the less prepossessing relatives on its threshold. Perhaps a better example might be Jean Anouilh's *The Waltz of the Toreadors*. This exasperating study of the eternal male, drowning in daydreams of lost youth and every kind of romantic glory, seems to me one of the few genuine works of art to have been written for the stage in our time. Part of its achievement consists in the perfection of its form—but the form, as it happens, is that of mistaken-identity farce. At one point a woman jumping from a window lands on the head of a young man, and at another a woman pretending to commit suicide places her head on a railroad track just after the train has passed by. Anouilh's use of the form is, of course, deliberately mocking. It provides an arbitrary framework for something much more desperately real and sadly savage, in something of the same way that the strict form of the sonnet creates an artifice inside which a truth can be expressed.

If the French theater in which Anouilh works had no living tradition of mathematically contrived farce, and if the rest of us had no



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## UNINHIBITED THEATER CONTINUED

living memory of it, the form would be unavailable to Anouilh and unintelligible to the rest of us. And if the English had not had a comparable development, the same form would have been unavailable to Shakespeare, and unintelligible to his audiences, when he arrived at the mistaken identities of *Twelfth Night*. We should have lost in both Shakespeare and Anouilh the joy of irony if we had insisted upon sophistication too early—if we had killed off the joke when it was only a joke.

We cannot afford to divide the theater into the acceptable and the unacceptable, or even to make an *a priori* distinction between higher and lower forms. It is all right afterwards to say that a writer has written a "mere melodrama," but let us not discourage him by saying it even before he has begun writing. To look, for a moment, into another art form for a parallel case, I should like to record my own impatience with Novelist Graham Greene's insistent division of his work into "entertainments," meaning his mystery and adventure stories, and "novels," his more serious works. As a Greene fan dating back to the days when no such labels appeared on his title pages, I find myself irritated today to be told that all those early stories I enjoyed so much were not honestly worth my enthusiasm, and I am distressed to hear that the next Greene exercise is going to be no more than an "entertainment" and probably not worth my time.

Art, I suspect, is not a lean fellow. He has a paunch from overindulgence. The natural appetite of the audience for a wide, constantly changing, unpredictable menu is not quite the menace to theatrical security and esthetic progress that well-meaning managers, critics and playwrights sometimes imagine it to be. It is, rather, a sign of simple joy in the medium, a guarantee of an ultimate harvest that depends on the constant rotation of crops.

To switch metaphors once or twice more, art is a city that needs all its suburbs, a language that arrives at perfection through a sifting of many dialects. If there is one strain that the American theater is neglecting at the moment it is the tough, knotted thread of an earlier perfection, the lifeline of the theater's "classics," what W. H. Auden has described as our continuing conversation with the past. But even the major successes of theatrical history ought not to be produced merely because it is virtuous to produce them, or because their perfection may be thought to guide us toward a final purity. They have a curious light to shed on what we suppose to be our own special difficulty. Does Molière arrive at his verbal grace and extraordinarily acute psychological insight without having first battled his way through the traditional slapstick of earthy folk-farce? Does *Hamlet* spring full-blown from the head of a strict academician, or does Shakespeare owe a little something to the Elizabethan equivalent of horror fiction?

When we try to be precise and proper about the shape the theater ought to assume, we generally wind up being not so much accurate as arbitrary. There is no room in the inyard, we say, before we have guessed the identity of the buffoon begging admission. It is always wisest to leave the doors—especially the back doors—slightly ajar.



AS AVANT-GARDE CLOWN, Bert Lahr, best known for broad comedy, brought drollery and pathos to otherwise bewildering *Waiting for Godot*.

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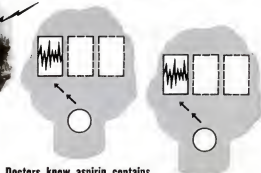
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CONTINUED



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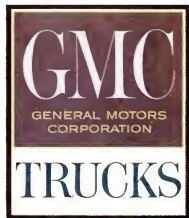


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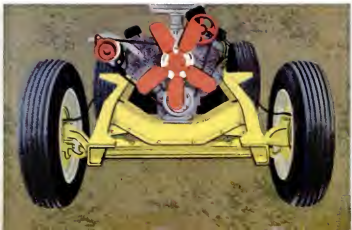
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CREATOR OF DANCES  
AND DANCERS WHO SHAPES  
BUSY ART OF BALLET

# BALANCHINE

Poised on its special splendors, the classical ballet stands at the outer high-low edge of American entertainment. But though it tries to remain there as airily aloof as a prima ballerina in a dime-a-dance hall, its disciplined elegances break away and course through the whole world of entertainment into the Broadway musicals, the television spectacles, even the circus rings. Involved in both the most esoteric and most popular extremes of the ballet is 51-year-old George Balanchine, the biggest man on the thriving U.S. ballet scene, a choreographer without an equal anywhere in the world and a peerless showman.

Balanchine has set his dancers in motion in every entertainment medium. But his real dedication is to the New York City Ballet company

where, as director, he has built and drilled a handsome young troupe that matches any other, including Britain's Royal and Russia's Bolshoi. To the succession of superb ballets he has choreographed there—they range from Tchaikovsky's old *Nutcracker* to Stravinsky's abstract *Igor Stravinsky's Sins*. A famous creator of great ballerinas (he has married five of his most renowned dancers), for this work Balanchine gave full star status to 21-year-old Allegha Kent, a pupil of his since she was 11. With a show that is less pure ballet than danced drama, Balanchine has a sure hit on his hands. The choreography was first-rate Balanchine, but the audience did not have to be high-brow to appreciate what was going on,

BALANCHINE CONTINUED



**THE DUAL SINNER.** Ballerina Allegra Kent and Singer Lotte Lenya wrap up in the single black cape as they start their ballet journey of U.S. cities.

**ANGER IN LOS ANGELES** follows sinner's → triumphant horseback arrival at a movie lot. Later she rages at the director's injustice and gets fired.





# The deadly sins in a lively American tour

Though Balanchine's specialties are stylish re-workings of old ballets and invention of abstract new ones, he frequently throws out the tutus and occasionally even gets the girls into a strong story line. *The Seven Deadly Sins*, done to mark his 25th year of choreography in the U.S., is a restaging of a work he did in Paris in 1933 to music by Kurt Weill.

For the new version Balanchine changed just about everything but the sins and songs. Back with him as temporary part of his troupe was Weill's widow, Lotte Lenya, who sang in the Paris production. She and Dancer Allegra Kent represent the dual nature of a single enterprising con-girl making a tour of seven American cities. Trying her hand at a different sin in each rity, the girl gets through Sloth near New Orleans, Avarice in Baltimore, Gluttony in Philadelphia, Lust in Boston, plus the others seen in these pictures. But the sins, as the ballet paradoxically sees them, are really honest outbreaks against society's false standards.



← **ENVY IN SAN FRANCISCO** is aroused when the girl is swept up by dancing, masked revelers and commits the sin of coveting their free way of life.

**PRIDE IN MEMPHIS** proves her undoing there. Cabaret patrons want to see her served up like this; she wanted to do classic ballet and got thrown out.



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PASSING JUDGMENT on her husband's cooking, Tanaquil Balanchine samples the sauce of whipped cream, turkey stock and dill. She approved:



SMALL MEAT BALLS, TO HIS WIFE TANAQUIL AND THEIR DINNER GUEST, THE PIANIST ROBERT FIZDALE



IN A QUIET MOMENT the Balanchines lounge in their bedroom watching television. Tanaquil likes

a panel show, *To Tell the Truth*. Her husband prefers to watch westerns and science fiction programs.

## BALANCHINE CONTINUED



TRYING HER HAND at embroidery, Tanaquil makes rug while her husband mixes at bar he built.

## His own life's moving drama

No work of fiction transmuted into dance by George Balanchine could be more dramatic than the haunting tragedy that is part of his own life. Five times Balanchine had married dancers whom he helped to greatness—Tamara Geva, Alexandra Danilova, Vera Zorina, Maria Tallchief and, in 1952, 23-year-old Tanaquil LeClercq. None of his ballerinas showed greater talent and larger promise than she.

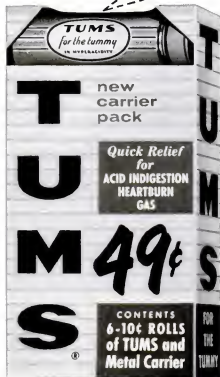
Then in 1956, during the company's triumphal European tour, she was stricken with polio. After the attack, she spent weeks in an iron lung. She eventually regained the use of her upper body and arms. But, in a fate supremely bitter for a dancer, she remains paralyzed from the waist down.

For a year Balanchine dropped all his work to be with his wife in Denmark, where she was first hospitalized, and at Warm Springs, Ga., where she later took treatment. Now that they are back in their New York City apartment, he spends the mornings with her before he has to rush off for rehearsals (*next pages*). Hurrying home, he puts his work behind him and tenderly, patiently devotes himself to being the man around the house. When the Balanchines entertain he always does the cooking (he is a superb chef).

Their dinner guests are most often from the fields of music and the dance. But these days, in a home where ballet has been so important so long, the subject is never mentioned—until Tanaquil Balanchine brings herself to discuss the world that was once so brightly hers.

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## Inspired improvising

Balanchine created the new *Seven Deadly Sins* in just over three weeks. He never knew beforehand exactly what he was going to do but, working like a jazz instrumentalist improvising on a fondly remembered old tune, made up most of the movements as he went along. In the airy practice room at the School of American Ballet he would sit by himself, absorbed, listening to Weill's music. Then he would rise, gaze at the assembled dancers and say "Re-easy and . . .!" in

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**ENACTING AN EMBRACE**, Balanchine shows Robert Lindgren how to hold Allegra as he seizes and dances with her just before her last-scene suicide.

**CHOREOGRAPHING A KISS**, Balanchine gives a lesson in courtliness for scene in which heroine is so successful that men die for her.



## BALANCHINE

CONTINUED

**STEADYING HAND** of Balanchine helps Allegra Kent as she tries clambering up the backs of other dancers during early run-through of last scene of *Seven Deadly Sins*. In the scene she is vainly trying to flee the sinner's life. In a profession noted for fiery temperaments, Balanchine rarely raises voice; prefers showing to telling. When satisfied he gives a quiet accolade: "Excellent!"

## that made the ballet

his low, high-voltage voice. He showed them what he wanted them to do. The dancers tried it, grinning sometimes at the unexpected new steps. Balanchine would clap his hands twice, his signal to stop. He demonstrated again what expression of the face, what angle of the fingers, what sweep of limb he wanted. The dancers repeated, and suddenly the movements came alive, full of drama, conveying moods that swiftly changed from the tender to the sensual to the terrifying.



• CONTINUED

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THE MASTER AND HIS CREATION work out their art as Balanchine for the moment takes the role of a man Allegra Kent must alluringly accost in the

ballet's first scene. After watching some of her sexy dances, Balanchine said, "You know, you may get a TV job this way—a second-rate Brigitte Barlot."

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# Make-a-Million Martin

DEAN CASHES IN ON HIS CASUAL BUT EBULLIENT STYLE

This blithe smile is one of the important assets of the biggest new blue-chip star in entertainment—a chip worth some million dollars a year in TV-record-movie-nightclub money. The man is Dean Martin, whom the prophets condemned to professional perdition when he broke off a frantic partnership with Jerry Lewis two years ago. Their error was monumental.

Martin, who makes a point of down-rating himself in public, likes to say he is successful because he is a "fairly painless crooner." But to his skillfully used musical and comedy talents, he adds an ebullience that pervades everything he does. In this deceptive picture, Martin is almost working.

He is on the set of his M-G-M movie, *Some Came Running*, a film which has nothing at all to do with golf. Martin, however, is an ardent par-culifer golfer and swinging a club between scenes helps keep his swing grooved and his acting loose. Uninhibited, spry of mind and muscle, he maintains a state of relaxation that "makes Perry Como look like a nervous wreck."

Keeping carefree appears to be the common denominator of the many Martins—showman, businessman, prankster, family man, self-styled hell-raiser and Hollywood social lion. In each role he works hard at making hard work look easy.

Photographed for LIFE by ALLAN GRANT



CONTINUED



**IN SERIOUS SESSION,** for a Martin-Sinatra album, Sinatra conducts orchestra as Dean, Composer Ken Lane listen. Dean says, "Reharse orchestra, not me."



**IN SILLY SESSION,** Dean hears Sammy Davis Jr. complain of trouble visiting movie lot. Davis says, "I'm a star. I don't have to fool with this cheap outfit."

**MAKING WITH MUSCLES,** Dean taunts M-G-M property boss Carl Beende. He says, "If you were a real dago like me you'd have a lot of muscles like these."



**ON CROSBY SHOW,** guest Patti Page at rehearsal announces she has a song she wants to sing. Guest Martin advises her to "go in the bathroom and sing it."







**GETTING THE SWING**, Dean beams as spiritual singer Malania Jackson rehearses a happy number.



**GETTING A KISS** from movie co-star Shirley MacLaine, Dean says, "This is the way I want to go."



**DANCING WITH BING** in rehearsal. Dean brings Crosby complaint: "On my show, I do the leading."



## Chums, chores, glib ad libs

Before the money caught up with him Martin, who was born 41 years ago in Steubenville, Ohio, was a mill hand, gas station worker, prize-fighter and blackjack dealer named Dino Crocetti. He says he started singing because it hurt less than a punch in the nose and paid better than mopping windshields. In 1958 he made two movies (total pay, \$250,000), two TV spectacles (\$200,000), seven recordings (up to 1.8 million sales) and many nightclub appearances (at around \$25,000 a week).

Martin's method in going about these profitable activities is deceptively lighthearted. He likes to pretend that he cannot remember lyrics and, blowing a line while singing, will gaze appealingly heavenward and plead, "Don't just look down. Help me!" When he is on stage with other famous folk, the air is likely to clatter with competitive ad libs, many of which have been polished to perfection by re-use. In this sort of good-humored banter, which often sounds funnier than it reads, a favorite Martin target is his ex-trammate. "These muscles," he will declare, flexing his abundant supply, "I got them carrying Jerry Lewis for 10 years."



**TUNING UP FOR WORK**, after steam bath, Dean dines on beef and beer before Sands act. With him are Songsmith Sammy Cahn (seated) and helper Mack Gray.



**SPARE-TIME CROUPIER**, Dean takes a turn running Sands roulette wheel. He pushes chips to woman winner, saying, "Either take it or get out of here."



**JAPING FOR JUDY**, Dean charges onto stage, followed by Sinatra. To make amends for heckling Garland from audience, they contributed their talents to act.





## Ham-flavor hocus-pocus for pals and patrons

In Hollywood's peculiar caste system Martin is a ranking member of the clan (pp. 116, 121), an exclusive society whose leader is Frank Sinatra. This envied status means that Dean plays and, so far as possible, works within a closed circuit of chums whose chief visible preoccupation is topping one another's gags.

Dean and Sinatra are at left engaged in a social ritual of their set, warmly helping elanswoman Judy Garland by hamming up her act at the Sands nightclub in Las Vegas. In this tomfoolery Dean works hard at a pretense that he is an unstable character, a drunk and so inept a gambler that "I have come to Las Vegas to visit my money." In fact, he drinks moderately—"I keep a case of Moderately in my dressing room"—and, though a high-rolling gambler, does his betting with canny professional skill. And when he gets home to the duties of marathon fatherhood (next page) the self-made myth of Martin irresponsibility vanishes entirely.



**PLAYING HOST,** Dean gives dinner at his Hollywood Dino's Lodge restaurant. The menu before guest Edith Adams has been altered by husband, Ernie Kovacs.



**WARNING GUESTS,** Dean advises Jimmy Van Heusen (foreground), Johnny Grant (left), Leo and Mrs. Durocher that the dinner will be "on separate checks."

MARTIN CONTINUED

## Poker in the parlor, a platoon of Martins in a pool



**POKER PALS** in a table stakes game at Martin's home include (clockwise from Dean at left) Agent

Jerry Gershwin, Tony Curtis, Milton Berle, Ernie Kovacs with 85-cent cigar, Director Billy Wilder.



**NIGHTCAP** for son Dino is a kiss and a dish of ice cream. "Eat it, it comes on the dinner," said Dean.

**BERLE JOKE** slays Curtis, Martin, Warren Cowan. "Show Miltie a curtain, he takes a bow," says Dean.

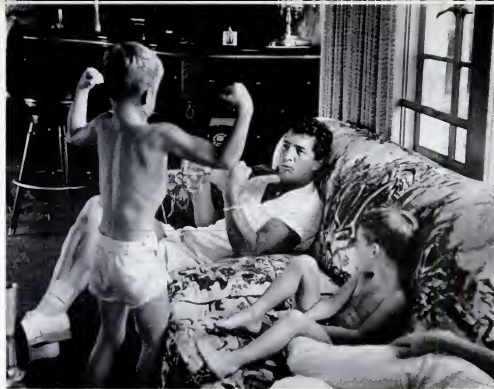


**POP'S PROTEST** comes as Dean inspects daughter Claudia's hair. "Comb it with a broom?" he asks.



**POP'S PLATOON**, all together in the family's backyard swimming pool, are (counting to right from





**POP'S INSPECTION** is an appraising stare as Dino demonstrates that Martin muscles are not parental

monopoly. Then onlooker Ricci gets a lecture on the need to eat more "so I can call you Cheyenne."



**POP'S PERPLEXITY** is registered quietly as Gina strolls pensively by in shoes large enough for two.



*Dean* Claudia, 13; Ricci, 5; Gail, 12; Deana, 10; Dino, 7; Gina, 2; wife Jeanne and Craig, 16. Four

eldest are children of first wife, Betty McDonald. In nightclub act, Dean sometimes remarks, "I've

got seven kids. In my house, the three most familiar remarks are 'Hello, goodbye and I'm pregnant.'"

# THE 'CLAN' IS THE MOST

Led by Sinatra and Martin, it hoots at Hollywood's names and old traditions

by PAUL O'NEIL

FOR decades after Rudolph Valentino vanished into legend and the white Duesenberg ceased to be the pumpkin coach of stardom, the social climate of Hollywood remained essentially unchanged. Hollywood's attitudes suggested both Louis XIV and Barnum & Bailey, its "royalty" was seated and unseated by combers of fan mail, its definitive social event was the premiere, and its hopes and dreams were reflected in the haggis-like prose of Louella O. Parsons. But all that is suddenly changed. Nonconformity is now the key to social importance, and that Angry Middle-aged Man, Frank Sinatra, is its prophet—and the reigning social monarch. Under the new order, society falls into four classifications: the squares, the clan, the mouse pack and the coffee drinkers. But only the clan (composed of those on whom Frank smiles) REALLY MATTERS.

The squares are the types who reigned in the old days. Studio tycoons are obviously squares, since they know bankers and may even wear vests. But so are many famous actors and actresses. Jimmy Stewart is regarded as a square by the clan and so are Gregory Peck and Clark Gable. "What," asked one clansman, "would we say to THEM? THEY GO HUNTING." While they are squares, however, Stewart, Peck and Gable are harmless squares and thus not finks. Finks are treacherous squares (squares who might call Hedda Hopper and say something unpleasant about Frank). Even finks are more important than members of the mouse pack, for finks at least have money, power and scheming minds, and—



HUMPHREY BOGART

nonconformity or not—these elements of life remain all-important in Hollywood. The mouse pack is a group of young actors and actresses who emulate Frank but can only afford Chevrolets. The coffee drinkers are the lowest group of all: theatrical beatniks who wear sweat shirts and blue jeans, adore Marlon Brando (who no longer adores them) and speak moodily of "method acting" in the Espresso shops which have recently sprung up by the score in Los Angeles. Many coffee drinkers are nonconformists of the most unhinged type, but most of them cannot afford cars at all.

The uninitiated sometimes refer to the clan as the rat pack. (Indeed, the mouse pack, which is really a sort of clanette, seems to have been so named as a result of this misapprehension.) It is a natural mistake for Frank, in a sense, is the heir of the late Humphrey Bogart. It was Bogie, a man with a gravelly sense of the ridiculous and a hatred of phonies, who first demonstrated that a genuinely talented actor could spit in the eye of Hollywood custom and get away with it. He formed his friends and admirers into what he jocularly called the Holmby Hills Rat Pack, and some of the present clan, including Frank himself, were members.

Actress Lauren Bacall, Bogie's sultry and sharp-tongued widow, now insists that the rat pack was much the superior group—a view which may be predicated in part upon the fact that she recently fell out with Frank after the two shared a period of warm, even heated, mutual admiration. "The

rat pack," she says, with only a half-humorous glint of the crotchety Bacall eye, "really stood for something. We had officers. Bogie was Director of Public Relations and I was the Den Mother. We had principles. You had to stay up late and get drunk, and all our members were against the P.T.A. We had no-morrry. And woe betide anyone who attacked one of our members. We got them."

But all this is simply a discussion of the past. The rat pack is no more; it died with Bogie. Today there is no Frank but Frank, and any former rats who may have become his liegemen now cry that "Frank is the most!" As paramount chieftain and head with doctor of the clan (a word used only as a casual reference and never as a formal name since both the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs have names), Frank personifies its nonconformist attitude: a public and aggressive indifference, not only to what the customers expect of their movie stars but also to what Hollywood expects of its own citizens. He is known, variously, among the faithful as The Pope, The General or The Dago. Dean Martin, who is next in influence (and who also calls meetings), is known as The Admiral.

Martin's relative emence is dramatized by his choice of automobiles. Frank drives a Dual-Ghia, a hot-looking automobile with an Italian body and a Dodge engine. Eddie Fisher, one of Frank's most ardent emulators, also drives a Dual-Ghia. So does English Actor Peter Lawford, whose wife Pat (a daughter of Boston's millionaire ex-Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy) is one of the clan's proudest exhibits. Tony Curtis tells his friends, "I've got to get a Dual-Ghia, like Frank." But Martin is perfectly content with a Thunderbird and a Cadillac.

This group, plus Sammy Davis Jr., comprises the hard core of the clan and is sometimes referred to as the cell. Actor Ernie Kovacs is a partial or poker-playing member of the cell, and he is much prized because he holds a cigar with his lighted end down, a position in which it can be extinguished, while he is staring at his hand, if a full highball glass is cautiously raised beneath it. Actor David Niven, an ex-member of the rat pack, and Milton Berle are also positioned on the immediate periphery of the cell. So are Lyricist Sammy Cahn and Tunesmith Jimmy Van Heusen, both of whom write material for Frank and Dean. Judy Garland, Debbie Reynolds and a new young actress, Shirley MacLaine, are the females whose talent the clan admires most. The clan also includes what Director Billy Wilder calls "groupies," knots of acceptable nonsquares who are welcomed to its larger convocations and camp meetings but who also lead separate social lives of their own. George Burns, whom the clan



LAUREN BACALL

considers "the funniest man in the world," has this status, and so do Agent Irving Lazar and millionaire studio executive William Goetz.

Most members of this group are at least 40 years old and either live or aspire to live in \$250,000 houses. Their nonconformity must obviously be of an especially tailored type. In the period during which their personalities have been aerated and activated by Frank, a good many members have borrowed from the vocabularies of the cop-hater, the union agent and the beatnik, but they have no trouble with cops, they quarrel with their employers only through their agents, and they never, never wear sweat shirts. While vibrantly emancipated, most of them patronize a seersucker jacket for \$125 (New Yorkers can buy a seersucker jacket, with pants, at high-style Brooks Brothers for \$28.75). The cell is made up largely of saloon entertainers, heaved into prominence by the industrial anarchy which followed the advent of television. A good deal of their rebelliousness is simply a belligerent insistence on doing THE ACT their own way, the free and easy way.

While they stand amazed at their own dialogue ("You gotta have your brains ready when you're with us"), they are essentially performers rather than wits, and their sharpest repartee involves a fragmentary use of old gags. Since all concerned know the "feed lines," they speak only the "hollo lines" and thus achieve a curious kind of communication which makes baffled outsiders feel uneasy. Much of their nonconformity, too, involves the ancient grudges of the entertainer. They die for publicity but distrust reporters and the press in general. They live for applause but bitterly resent the intrusion of rubes, punks, jerks and creeps who stare at them, crowd around them and thrust scraps of paper under their noses. Emboldened by independence, success and the heady example of Frank, whom they admire as ballplayers admire Ted Williams, the clan strives hard to give the outer world the back of its collective hand.

Frank says, "If they'd only quit tugging at my sleeve." Lyricist Cahn explains, "You don't know how it is. Frank can't even eat in a restaurant without some guy pulling up a chair, sitting down and breathing on him." Says Dean Martin, "You'd be crazy to walk down Fifth Avenue without a long black overcoat and a false beard." Says Sammy Davis Jr., "As soon as I go out the front door of my house in the morning, I'm on, Daddy, I'm on! But when I'm with the group I can relax. We trust each other. We admire each other's talent. People think we're troublemakers. But only two of us have escapades—Frank and I. And we have them by ourselves. There's nothing tantamount to panic when we're with the others. After all, Dean Martin has seven children. I guess we're all the sort of people who could get in a little trouble. But if one of us is in trouble, nobody in our group talks about it. When Eddie Fisher split up with Debbie Reynolds, none of us said anything to him about it. We just figured it was HIS trouble.



SAMMY DAVIS JR.



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*Once again it's time for  
a bowl of Merry Christmas*

## The Four Roses Society EGGNOG

Here's America's most famous eggnog—guaranteed to add many new members to the Four Roses Society.

**The procedure:** Beat separately yolks and whites of 6 eggs. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar to yolks. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of sugar to whites after beating very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in 1 pint of cream and 1 pint

of milk. Add a pint of Four Roses and 1 oz. Myers Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve cold with grated nutmeg.

**The result:** A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest eggnog ever ladled into a cup...thanks to the superb flavor you can get only with mellow, smooth-tasting Four Roses Whiskey.

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Two ideal gifts! Four Roses presents the only quart decanter of the season. Regular quart price. Along with America's favorite gift fifth, it's strikingly gift-

packaged with the famous eggnog recipe inside. P. S. All Four Roses Whiskey prices have been reduced, just in time to fit your Christmas budget.



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"The best to you  
each morning"

Best liked (World's favorite)

... Best flavor (Kellogg's secret)

... Worst to run out of

**Kellogg's** CORN FLAKES



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"We're in Las Vegas a lot, but only when we work or go to cheer one of our own who is working there. Frank and Dean and I are in demand. We pull in the 'sharkers'—the heavies, the gamblers. Frank's got 2% of the Sands (Hotel) and Dean's got one-half of 1% and I'm going to get a percent of a percent. But that's just a sort of bonus. They let us buy in because we're faithful. The Riviera offered me \$37,500 a week. Crazy! I turned it down. We gamble. There's nothing else to do in Vegas. Man, it's like Baghdad. You can't sleep. All the chicks are after you. So you sing, and what else do you do? Sometimes Dean and Frank sit in for the dealers. It must cost the house \$1,000 every time. They see a little old schoolteacher making a bet and they slip her the good cards and let her win big. You gotta know about Frank to know about us. Frank is the most generous man in the world. He's restless. He can't sleep. He says what he thinks. But he's pertinent! There's nobody, absolutely nobody, who wouldn't like Frank if Frank wants them to. Frank has a lot of chicks, but nobody is more gentlemanly around women. And if you're his friend, that's it. If you need him, DADDY, HE... U.S... THERE!"

This sentimentality and a kind of ingrown, theatrical flamboyance are continually being expressed with gifts. Members of the clan present them to each other on every possible occasion: cuff links, cigarette lighters, huge silver cigarette boxes with lung messages of esteem or concern engraved on their lids, initialed bedroom slippers imported from London. Sammy Davis, enthralled at being chosen to play Spurling



SHIRLEY MACLAINE

Life in *Porgy and Bess*, even gave Producer Samuel Goldwyn a present, a gold watch and chain. The great man seemed slightly dazed when Sammy rushed up to him on a sound stage and handed it over, but he recovered after listening to the donor release a number. "Sammy," he called, with the turnip still clutched in one hand, "thanks for the watch. It was thoughtful. That song is two minutes too long."

When Frank and Director Billy Wilder recently started speaking to each other after a two-year tiff, they engaged in a ceremony known as "Making Up and Exchanging Gifts." One is unthinkable without the other. Frank gave Wilder a piece of Eskimo sculpture, and Wilder gave Frank a piece of East Indian sculpture (the clan is currently on a culture jag: Dean Martin is reading Proust, Tony Curtis is dipping into Spengler, and all either collect or talk rapidly about pre-Colombian art).

Wilder, as a reconstituted member of the clan, thereafter received an accolade which publicly marked him as nonsquare. Because the director had patiently endured weeks of insubordination from Marilyn Monroe while filming *Some Like It Hot*, Tony

Curtis secretly arranged a stunt calculated to express the cast's—and, by implication, the clan's—admiration. In the picture's big scene, a papier-mâché cake is wheeled into a gangster banquet and Edward G. Robinson Jr. jumps out of it, machine gun in hand, and mows down the dinner-jacketed mobsters. But the first time Wilder ordered it filmed, a naked woman jumped out instead and gave the startled—though delighted—director a big kiss.

The clan's purely social activities, however, are startlingly stereotyped and simple. This fall, it is true, Frank gathered the faithful, warmed them with food and drink in a private room at Romanoff's, loaded them into a bus, took them to the Union Station, waved them aboard a private car and carried all to Las Vegas to cheer Judy Garland during an appearance at the Sands. But on most big evenings they occupy themselves with just about the sort of folksy home entertainment which might be expected of folks in Kalanazoo.

Frank, being a bachelor and a restless type, calls a good many of the meetings on the spur of the moment. His secretary, Glaria, telephones the appointed ones and simply says, "Frank is having a gathering of the clan at 7 o'clock. He wants you to come." Sometimes the boys play poker. Sometimes Frank runs off a movie or two (borrowed from some ever-obliging studio) for both husbands and wives. Birthdays, christenings and holidays are celebrated with similar informal convocations at Frank's big house in Coldwater Canyon, Martin's big house in Beverly Hills or Curtis' big house in Bel Air. The assembled performers spend hours singing to each other or playing their latest albums amid appropriate exclamations of affection and joy. On weekends they often retire to other expensive houses at Palm Springs for similar activity.

But if the clan's delights are simple, its refusal to share them with the world devastates the brass Hollywood soul. The clan never eats out in public if it can help it (although members often dine at Frank's restaurant, Villa Capri, or Dean Martin's restaurant, Dino's Lodge, where they can be protected from the herd). The clan never gives the sort of huge, fancy, dress-up parties which, historically, have been the key to swank and glory in Hollywood. Frank, in fact, decided to call off a New Year's shindig at "the Springs" because he felt it might be too mc. All clan members are agreed upon a long list of squares whom they do NOT invite to parties, a startling innovation calculated to give everyone else in town the same doubtful status northerners must endure in Charleston, S.C. Hollywood is expected to experience the pangs of envy when the Dual-Ghia gather at Frank's. And it does, Daddy, it does.



BILLY WILDER



STATUS SYMBOL of clan is sleek Dual-Ghia convertible. Only 100 are made each year and they retail for \$8,000.

Sinatra owns one, Lawford another. Clan-member Tony Curtis says, "I've got to get a Dual-Ghia, like Frank."



What a convenience! Easy to carry, take little space. Same wonderful quality as larger Ace Hard Rubber Combs for home use. Same wonderful protection for hair and scalp because sharp ridges are polished away, every tooth is smooth-o-o-thly rounded. Individually packaged; many styles, for all the family. Moderately priced.

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# STAGE-STRUCK TEXAS

The days are gone forever when the talents of Broadway spilled out across the land, bringing hundreds of road shows, good and bad, to an amusement-hungry nation. But anybody who laments the passing of the road is out of his head. In place of the touring companies the U.S. hinterlands have produced new forms of theater which are more deeply and excitingly a part of people's lives. These are the community

play houses and the countless other local drama groups, which are run mainly by ardent non-professionals. Engaged in regular play production all over the U.S. today are an astounding number of groups—13,000 or more.

Most stage-struck of all the states is Texas where there is more theater activity than anywhere else in the country. From El Paso to Brownsville to Amarillo to Beaumont, the state

Photographed for LIFE by ELIOT ELISOFF





**With everybody pitching in on pageants, experimental drama  
and musicals, the state beats all others for theatrical activity**

is studded with school, college and community theaters. Though many are aided by oil-rich millionaires, others get by on small donations and pure gusto.

High standards for the state were set by the late Margo Jones who in Dallas pioneered with the first arena-style productions and sent her best shows on to Broadway. In Waco, Baylor University's drama department (p. 125) has

attracted worldwide notice and praise. Last summer 35 Baylor students helped put on and perform the stirring *Drama of the Alamo* (below) in a new outdoor 2,000-seat theater in San Antonio. Based on the heroic stand of Texans against Mexicans and written in ringing blank verse by Texan Playwright Ramsey Yelvington, the pageant was so warmly welcomed that it will become an annual summertime event.

"DRAMA OF ALAMO" is given by students at San Antonio. Actor at top center plays commander of Alamo, William Travis; fifth from right below is David Crockett.



CONTINUED

One thing about  
cleaning pots and pans,  
you feel so good  
when you're finished.



**With S.O.S**  
**you finish faster!** Only S.O.S is interwoven  
to hold its shape—hold its soap. That's why  
women say nothing else cleans, scours  
and shines as fast. (And interwoven fibers  
are easier on your hands.)



*P.S. The fresher the pad, the faster you finish!*



**DRAMA DIRECTOR** Paul Baker of Baylor and Graduate Student Suzanne Shoultz discuss settings.

## Daring school of drama

At a conservative Baptist school in Waco, Texas the nation's most brilliantly unorthodox drama department is going great guns. The students of Professor Paul Baker at Baylor University sometimes use a three-sided stage to put on productions which they have written, acted, directed and designed themselves. Last year Baylor added another theater, so small that it seats only 55, where the actors climb around a pint-sized stage divided by ladders and posts (*right*). In such close quarters Baker believes a new kind of theater can be achieved by isolating parts of the human body as movies do in close-ups. Grandeur-scale productions at Baylor range from *Hamlet* to a modern version of *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*.

Many Baylor graduates are teaching new ideas of drama in other parts of Texas. Students help communities put on productions like *Alamo* (pages 122, 123). Next fall Baker will also head a Dallas theater whose \$750,000 building was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.



"CHARLEY'S AUNT" gets imaginative student production in a tiny Baylor theater. As Charley's girl

friend perches between ladders, one of his chums in the disguise of the aunt ogles the real aunt.

IN A TEXAS FANTASY, "THE GOLDEN STAIRS," PRESENTED AT BAYLOR, AN ANGEL SITS SURROUNDED BY GRIEVING MEMBERS OF A DEAD SOLDIER'S FAMILY



CONTINUED

# SOME PRIZEWINNERS IN A SCHOOL CONTEST



**FAMILY COMEDY,** *A Roomful of Roses*, is acted by Houston students from Lamar High School in state contest held by University of Texas. Here teen-ager spats with boyfriend as mother watches.



**FANTASY,** *The Wandering Hat*, based on Harlequin legend, was put on by Georgetown High School. In this scene the foolish old clown Punchinello berates the young lovers, Harlequin and Columbine.



**SOCIAL DRAMA,** *Dino*, was given by students of Alpine High School. Play takes up problem of juvenile delinquency, centers on belligerent ex-reform schoolboy who in this scene rants at social worker.



FORT WORTH CHILDREN PLAYING HINDU GODS TAKE TIME TO SIP MILK. THEIR ARMS APPEAR BELOW

## Young recruits for the drama

When it comes to recruiting theatrical talent, Texas believes in catching them young. The energetic drama department of the University of Texas offers 12 awards to high school students who excel at theater work, with the stipulation that they enroll at U.T. Every year the university sponsors a mammoth one-act-play contest for high schools. This year 565 schools entered the contest, and finally 23 groups—

toting their scenery and casts on trucks—were picked for the play-off performances in Austin. Three of the prizewinners are shown at left.

Young Thespians are just as busy all over the state. At the Reeder Children's Theater in Fort Worth, actors from 4 to 14 take part in several plays a year. Recently they turned in a beautiful production of the ancient Hindu folk play, *Nala and Damayanti* (above and below).

IN PLAY THE FOUR HINDU GODS STRIKE AN EIGHT-ARMED, OR SHIKHARA, POSE DENOTING STRENGTH







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*Pick up your SYLVANIA Blue Dot FLASHBULBS  
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*as a reminder to pick up  
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**DRUMMING UP AUDIENCE** for their musical show, actors at Midland Community Theatre give oldtime street parade on the day their show opened. It was

called a *Mortgage Revue* because profits (\$2,000) went toward meeting mortgage payments on handsome new Theatre Centre the community built last year.

## Community Spirit in Players and Playhouses

Texans like to pitch in and support their homegrown show business. They have built dozens of community theaters, where the acting and backstage work is done by impassioned amateurs under the management of a couple of dedicated professionals. They put up large auditoriums like Casa Mañana below where commercial shows are performed and profits are used to support other money-losing concerts and ballets.

In Midland (pop. 55,000) the new community theater has some 1,000

regular subscribers. Its new building cost \$185,000 and is hardly more than half paid for. Undaunted by debt, Midland puts on a season of Broadway hits acted by nonprofessionals, plus money-raising musical revues (above), minstrel show, children's plays, and melodramas with such juicy titles as *Oil's Well That Ends Well*. When show business is involved, everybody in Texas likes to get into the act. The same spirit that moves Midland also keeps a metropolis like Houston hopping (next page).

IN NEW ALUMINUM, GEODESIC-DOMED COMMUNITY THEATER, CASA MANANA, FORT WORTH SEES "CAN-CAN" DONE BY PROFESSIONALS. THEATER SEATS 1,800



## From Workaday Jobs



DISPLAY MAN Jerry Kirkland at Joske's department store in Houston eyes store manikin (left) just as he dars Iris Rubenstein in *Damn Yankees*. He dances in a production given by Houston's nonprofessional Theatre, Inc.



ROUSING OPENING CHORUS of *Damn Yankees* brings on wives of base-ball fans lamenting their husbands' neglect. All of the 15 actors worked without pay at Theatre, Inc., which does roaring business in 300-seat playhouse.



WALLPAPER SALESMAN Sam Haigler Henry, order book in hand, makes sales pitch to customer at Roy Jacobs Co. In scene from *Yankees* (right) he plays role of devil who is trying to sell unknown ballplayer to big league team.



Gordon's Gin comes to you with the best of references . . . Traditional drink recipe books name Gordon's as the original base of many of the world's classic gin drinks. For over 189 years, Gordon's has been recognized as the gin essential to any authentically fine gin creation. Gordon's Gin—first distilled in 1769 according to Gordon's Original English Recipe—is still traditionally distilled for perfect flavor. *There's no Gin like*

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## to Houston Footlights



**ART STUDENT** Marietta Marich, who is sketching battleship *Texas*, permanently moored in canal near Houston, played temptress Lola in *Damn Yankees*. Marietta, only professional singer in the show, worked without pay.



It puts on only musicals—four or five a year—and plows all profits back into future shows. *Yankees* ran for 10 weeks, giving 56 performances in all. It closed only because Marietta Marich (top right) grew too obviously pregnant.



**INDUSTRIAL PHOTOGRAPHER** William Goodwin gets ready to take picture of part of an oil tank gauge. He works at Texas Instruments laboratory. In the show he played a flock of small parts, such as baseball player at right.

CONTINUED

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**GUN-TOTING SHAKESPEAREAN.** Student Philip Browning at Howard Payne College in Brownwood gets eyes made up by fellow student Pinki Austmus.

In college's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* performed in Western garb, she was Queen's cowgirl attendant, he was cowboy Master of the Revels.

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**SINUS  
 CONGESTION  
 and  
 COLDS MISERY**



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 HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES**

*Relieves Congestion that Causes So Much Colds Suffering*

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets...the amazing medical discovery that has brought unprecedented relief to millions of sinus sufferers...also offers dramatic relief from colds distress.

That's because...for the first time, DRISTAN makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.

Working through the bloodstream, it reaches all sinus areas and relieves congestion deep within head areas inaccessible to other forms of medication. It shrinks swollen sinus membranes and helps promote free drainage. Then, as clogged passages are cleared, relief from colds miseries follows.

Free breathing is restored. Pressure and pain relieved. Fever reduced. Postnasal drip controlled.

**DRISTAN GIVES YOU:**



1. The Decongestant most prescribed by doctors.
2. Pain Relievers, a highly effective combination of ingredients for relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an exclusive antihistamine to block the allergic reaction often associated with colds.
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No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

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**"BLACK & WHITE"**

*The Scotch with Character*

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*presents a*  
**CHRISTMAS  
PACKAGE**



*Gene  
Kelly*

*Fred  
Astaire*

**Some Old Treasures Are Offered in New Wrappings**

At this point in its entertainment issue *LIFE*, with pride and pleasure, presents for its readers a special performance played by leading figures of the entertainment field. In this exclusive premiere—one gala performance only—a glamorous figure of the movies creates a glamorous gallery of famous beauties, and a host of Hollywood stars plunge into a rough and

tumble display of classic slapstick. These treasures of the past, offered in new wrappings, are introduced above by two great hoofers who have danced on top of the entertainment world and kept it spinning year after year. As they leap over a pile of Christmas presents, Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly invite you to inspect *LIFE*'s surprise packages on the next pages.

*Theda Bara*



# MARILYN MONROE

In a remarkable re-creation  
of

## *Fabled Enchantresses*

In every age the entertainment world produces an enchantress who embodies the fancies men dream by—the places they might have visited with her, music danced to with her, suppers shared with her. In the Gay Nineties it was Lillian Russell, 160 opulent pounds of curvy Victorian womanhood. Then it was Theda Bara, representing all the women who came bursting from their stays in World War I with predatory eyes and heavy make-up into the new freedom. Afterward there was Clara Bow and Marlene Dietrich and Jean Harlow.

Heiress today of this fabled five is Marilyn

Monroe. On the following pages, in a stunning feat of re-creation, Marilyn impersonates her predecessors in their most enduring images. The originals are shown on this page. Marilyn's sensitive, funny and loving impersonations start opposite with a radiant replica of Lillian Russell, who personified the Gay Nineties with 12-course suppers at Rector's and spins in the park on a gold-plated bicycle. Lillian's singing and dancing attracted a huge admiring audience and her beauty entranced many men. She married four times, lived on until the '20s and died the wife of a U.S. ambassador.

*Clara Bow*



**Photographed**

**by RICHARD AVEDON**



*Marlene Dietrich*



*Lillian Russell*



*Jean Harlow*







A full-page photograph showing a woman in a bright yellow dress lying on a tiger skin rug. The rug is placed on a large, ornate, multi-colored patterned carpet. The woman's arm and hand are visible, resting on the rug. The background is filled with the intricate patterns of the carpet.

## ENCHANTRESSES

CONTINUED

### *Theda Bara*

The movies' first heavy-breathing temptress and the original vampire was Theda Bara—and this is Marilyn Monroe as this most famous of all vamps. In *A Fool There Was* and 40 other films made between 1915 and 1921, Theda played the heartless siren who toys with her men, ruins them and tosses them aside. Her greatest line of dialogue was, "Kiss me, my fool"—and millions of men recklessly wished that they could be her fool, just for one kiss. She puzzled Marilyn who, as she fell into Theda Bara's famous Cleopatra pose, giggled, "What am I supposed to be thinking of?"

CONTINUED





*Clara Bow*

Clara Bow—whom Marilyn re-enacts in these photographs—was the heady excitement of 1927 and the jazz age. She epitomized the Charleston girls, flappers of the era. She had "It," which was the word for sex





appeal plus personality plus all the things a girl needs to succeed. She had seven dogs to match her red hair. In 1931 she married Rex Bell, an actor-rancher, later a lieutenant governor of Nevada, and retired.



## Marlene Dietrich

This is Marlene in the role that made her famous—the cabaret singer of *The Blue Angel* in 1930, the husky-voiced temptress with her fatalistic song, *Falling in Love Again*. Marlene's divine legs and glamor seem to endure forever. She can still make \$30,000 a week singing at Las Vegas.

## Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow always looked as if she were being bent backward over a sofa. She was a platinum blonde who played roles full of fun. She glued on her slinky white dresses and slept in an all-white bedroom whose rugs matched her hair. A star at 19, she met untimely death at the age of 26.





# My

## Playwright Pays

When I heard that Marilyn was going to make a series of still pictures in the costumes of past movie stars, I wondered what she and Photographer Richard Avedon hoped to demonstrate beyond the fact that she could be made up to look like other women. I went up to Avedon's studio one afternoon to have a look.

I found a girl sitting before a mirror in a wig and a beaded dress, marking an absurdly arched bow on her lips. This much I expected. It was when she looked up at me and smiled that a certain expectation began to enter the situation, for she had an intensity in her eyes, a concentration that charged the air around her with its importance. With the make-up artist standing by to offer advice, she returned to study the photograph of Clara Bow propped up under the mirror.

In the studio Avedon was dressing his set as ecstatically and nervously as a director about to bring a show into New York. His assistants had the same air about them, the air of people involved in a hit.

Marilyn came onto the set then, and a record player was started. Songs of the '20s burst forth. Marilyn aimed an experimental kick at a balloon on the floor. She said she was ready. Avedon yelled, "Go!" and she pursed her mouth around her cigaret, kicked a balloon, shot the fan out forward—and she had made a world. I suddenly saw her dancing on a table, a hundred Scott Fitzgeralds sitting all around her cheering, Pierce-Arrow cars waiting outside, a real orchestra on the stand, the Marines in Nicaragua. We all found ourselves laughing.

Her miraculous sense of sheer play had been unloosed. Suddenly she was all angles, suddenly the wig had become her own hair and the costume her own dress. Her ebullience, her sauciness was not of our time, and yet we were not laughing because she was making fun of something old-fashioned. I think it was the laughter of recognition: we knew she had hit the nail on the head, the exact combination of innocence and cunning, the sweet wit that used to accompany a girl's rebellion 30 years ago, a rebellion which, unlike that of our day, seemed to have had no horrifying and psychiatric implications and was only a lot of fun.

Before my eyes she had resurrected not a woman so much as a spirit, the spirit of an age. In the same way it seems to me she has resurrected the spirit of other ages: Lillian Russell's full-blown daintiness and dignity in tights, the essence of a rather elegant sentimentalism; Theda Bara's pouncing aggressiveness, concocted by men

## Marilyn Monroe

A merry Marilyn, slinky and seductive and enchanting as any of the great figures she has portrayed in the preceding pages, resumes her own high-styled personality—the one that has attracted her enormous present-day public.



# Wife Marilyn

**Affectionate Tribute to Her Feat**

**by ARTHUR MILLER**

in Hollywood, perhaps as an exaggerated reaction to the so-called liberation of women that occurred around the first World War; Marlene Dietrich's world-weary intensity of the '30s, revealed in a smoke-filled German cabaret.

As different as they are, these stars share one quality. Each created a unique, original impression, a sharp, personal stamp. In our time Marilyn is their heirress. The picture at the left is an attempt to portray her as "herself" and it succeeds as much as any single picture can. For in anything she does she is "herself," whether playing with the dog, redoing the cleaning woman's hair, emerging from the ocean after a swim, or bursting into the house full of news. Her beauty shines because her spirit is forever showing itself.

It is a spirit made of many qualities, but two

animate these photographs most clearly to me. One is the spontaneous joy she takes in anything a child does; the other is her quick sympathy and respect for old people, for whatever has endured. Perhaps of all her qualities these have done most to transform the present pictures from what might have been only a stunt into a human statement. The child in her has caught the fun and the promise, and the old person in her the mortality, of what after all were some of the most powerful images of our most popular art.

The closest to literal photographic accuracy, I think, is the Harlow photograph. Actually, however, Marilyn looks no more like Harlow in life than any of the others who are her models here. But as Harlow, Marilyn's comment is not made

so much by wit as by her deep sympathy for that actress's tragic life. There is a gallantry, I think, in this photograph.

These pictures in series are a kind of history of our mass fantasy, so far as seductresses are concerned. Archaic and distant as they are today, there is still a certain air of seriousness about them. It would have been quite simple to have portrayed them ludicrously, but by her magical power of sympathy I believe Marilyn has identified herself with what surely was naïve in these women, what to them in their moment was genuine lure and sexual truth. So that while we must smile at some of the costumes and postures, it is possible in these pictures to understand how these women could once draw millions of people to see them and dream of them.

PHOTOGRAPHER RICHARD AVEDON FEELS THIS IS THE REAL MARILYN: A LOVING WIFE PLAYFULLY KISSING HER BRILLIANT HUSBAND. PLAYWRIGHT ARTHUR MILLER



A galaxy of present-day stars in

# Saved at

YOUNG ACTORS RESTAGE SENNETT'S

Before going farther, stop for a good look at these pictures. Taking part in the antique antics are some of the newest, brightest stars of today's movies. Rock, Kim, Paul, Debbie, Shirley and the others—they are all named later—were not born when Mack Sennett started making his wonderful two-reel comedies. But here the young ones (like Marilyn Monroe, performing exclusively for LIFE) give the old master of slapstick his furious due in a gem devised especially for them—with the advice and blessing of Mr. Sennett himself.

A boilermaker to begin with, he started directing movies in 1910



ROCK HUDSON HITS WOULD-BE BRIDEGROOM PAUL NEWMAN  
AS WICKED FATHER JIM GARNER DRAGS KIM NOVAK



THE BIG CHASE IS ON WITH NICK ADAMS (LEFT) FLYING LIKE A FLAG, FESS PARKER DRIVING CAR AND ASSORTED LAWMEN IN-BETWEEN.

a classic MACK SENNETT chase

# the Altar

FANTASTIC WORLD OF FURIOUS FUN

and became one of the greatest of star makers—Mabel Normand, Charlie Chaplin, Ben Turpin, Harry Langdon. He made people laugh, scream and collapse. He did it with cops, kidnaped brides and bathing beauties pursuing one another from altar to uproar, pausing only to hurl a custard pie into some receptive face. Or he did it with a dark and suave type, being delicate as he tried to catch a squirrel trapped in a pretty girl's petticoat. His spirit infects the players in this re-created chase, which starts at upper left. Mr. Sennett himself, now 78 and living in Hollywood, says they have done well.



OVER PARK FENCE, WHICH FETCHINGLY STRIPS OFF BRIDE'S GOWN, GO KIM AND ROCK WHO ARE HOTLY PURSUED



AS ROCK AND KIM FRANTICALLY PUMP THE HANDCAR, NEWMAN REACHES OUT

The heroine almost hooked

**Baffled  
by the  
belles**

Runaway lovers find friends on the beach where a bevy of bathing beauties offer help in their peril. They take Rock and Kim into the line to hide them from the angry posse on their trail. The Keystone Cops, thwarted bridegroom and the bride's father leap about in the air to express their rage. Then suddenly the police pursuers pause in the hot chase, distracted and perturbed by new things in view.

**Watch  
out for  
dangerous  
curves !**



DON MURRAY  
NICK ADAMS  
DEBBIE REYNOLDS SHIRLEY MACLAINE MARGE CHAMPION TOMMY SANDS  
SHEREE NORTH





FESS PARKER

GOWER CHAMPION  
BUDDY EBSEN

PAUL NEWMAN

ROCK HUDSON

KIM NOVAK

LEE REMICK

DANA WYNTER

JIM GARNER  
JOAN COLLINS



**Their  
duty  
forsaken**

The Keystone Cops begin gamboling on the sandsward with the bathing beauties, as who among us would not. They are suddenly all indifferent to the chase after the fleeing couple,

which is now continuing nearer the ocean. Thus sly Kim and Rock manage to find a boat and row triumphantly away while their balked foes go off the dock. Into the water they fall.



And love conquers all!





## BIRTH OF AN INDUSTRY

In April, this photograph will be 20 years old. It shows David Sarnoff, now Board Chairman of RCA, before the camera as RCA and NBC introduced television to the world at the 1939 New York World's Fair. Also to speak that day was President Roosevelt, the nation's first Chief Executive ever to be seen on television. This marked the beginning of a revolution in home entertainment and news coverage. Three major networks grew up—and hundreds of independent stations. TV became part of the life of all of us in an almost unbelievably short time. But the pioneering didn't stop. The men who made a living fact out of the dream of television, itself, envisioned the added dimension of *color*. And now Color TV is also a reality, enjoyed by hundreds of thousands across America. It all started here, although no plaque marks the spot. None is needed. For television—RCA-developed like so much of American home entertainment—has its plaque in almost 44 million homes.

An advertisement of the Radio Corporation of America.

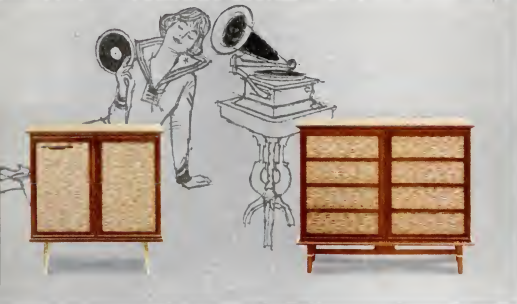


Yesterday, today,  
and tomorrow,

## The story of Home Entertainment is the story of RCA



**From Caruso to Como on records.** Since the days of the old Victor Talking Machine Company, records have made tremendous strides at RCA. From thick, heavy 78's to today's "Living Stereo" records. But one thing hasn't changed: the caliber of RCA Victor artists, representing the finest in each generation. Music of every kind has been part of the RCA story. Masters of the classics. And the brightest popular stars, too—stars like Perry Como, whose TV show is sponsored by RCA.

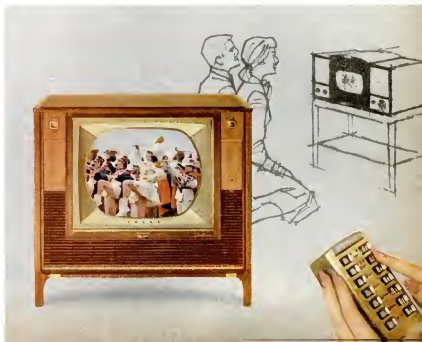


**From morning-glory "Victrola"® to Stereo High Fidelity.** Everyone has pleasant memories of the old "Victrola"—even the small boy who was appointed crank-winder. As the boy grew up, so did the phonograph. It was electrified. New record speeds were added. RCA Victor introduced the Fabulous "45." Then came high fidelity—and just recently—"Living Stereo." And all were designed for one reason: to bring the finest music reproduction into the American home.

**From small-screen TV to "Living Color."** The first TV "star" was a "Felix the Cat" toy. In the late 1920's he appeared as a fuzzy, tiny picture on an RCA experimental TV set. 20 years later, big-screen TV was in almost every American home. Today, RCA continues to lead. It has built over 10 million black-and-white sets. It has pioneered in the greatest communication development of our time: Color TV, today so advanced you can even tune by remote control. Advances like this are one reason why, to most Americans, RCA means home entertainment.



**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA**



UNFORGETTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT



*The Lord Calvert decanter adds brilliance to a rare collection of antique crystal.*

## Give grandly this Christmas—give Lord Calvert in our authentic Collector's Decanter

**L**ORD CALVERT is the most expensive whiskey blended in America. A majestic gift in itself.

To celebrate this season of goodwill, you can now give this supreme American whiskey in an authentic collector's decanter—at no extra cost.

Think of the gesture. A timeless decanter presenting a whiskey so rare that if every American

man were rationed to one highball a year, there still wouldn't be enough to go around.

It is hard to imagine a *grandier* Christmas gift.

### Ready to give

Look for Lord Calvert's decanter in its handsome presentation box. No wrapping needed. Labels whisk off—and it's ready to give.



*Same price as regular bottle.*

LORD CALVERT AMERICAN BLENDED WHISKEY, 66 PROOF, 85% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD. CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.



**MALEFICENT THE WITCH** exults in old tower where princess has pricked her finger on spindle and fallen asleep.

## Animated Old Legend

### DISNEY AWAKENS BEAUTY

No witch ever swished her black cape with a witchier sneer. No prince ever roused his drowsy beloved with a princelier kiss. No fairy tale ever survived elaborate treatment more gracefully than Charles Perrault's *Sleeping Beauty* has done at the hands of Walt Disney. And no wonder, because Disney, in search of smoother, more realistic animation, had actors (*right*) act out scenes for artists—who then made (*above, below*) 1,440 colored drawings for every minute of film footage.

To be released early in the new year, the cartoon cost \$6 million, took 300 artists six years to draw and runs 75 minutes. It is presented in a new wide-screen technique, 70-mm Technirama, and is backed with songs and music "motivated" by Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty Ballet* and reproduced in six-channel stereophonics. As a final fillip the romance between prince and princess is "treated," say Disney's men, "in the acceptable boy-girl fashion of today." One result is that the prince has a medieval haircut as close as possible to a teen-ager's ducktail.



**PHILLIP THE PRINCE** magically kisses the princess awake. In film version they meet before her enchantment.



**WITCH MODEL** Jane Fowler swirls her cape for painting at left. Another actress did witch's voice.

**ROMANTIC ORIGINALS** for magic kiss at bottom left are Helene Stanley and Ed Keumer below.



ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: **LONDON**



**Enid Boulting**, glamorous, chic . . . and on-the-go every minute. The mother of 3 lively boys, she is also a talented dress designer, a serious painter and a noted hostess for her famous film-producer

husband. . . "I often have frantic days but my face never shows it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse—to moisturize and ease away tension lines . . . "My skin stays beautifully soft and smooth."

**SHE'S BUSY YET SHE'S BEAUTIFUL...  
SHE USES POND'S**

- Pond's Cold Cream beautifies as it cleanses, moisturizes *below* the surface
- Replaces the inner moisture modern living drains away
- Goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off—keeps your skin dewy-soft all day

**WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL**



Use Pond's to deep-cleanse at night—to moisturize under make-up all day



# PEOPLE AT THE TOP OF ENTERTAINMENT'S WORLD

**Here is a gallery of stars and luminaries whose talents brighten the scene**

The soul, spirit and spark plugs of entertainment are the personalities of its performers and creators. In the spotlight are the stars—the heroes and household gods whose public appearances and private lives are worshipfully watched, whose autographs, pictures and shreds of clothing are collected and sometimes enshrined. Behind the stars are the stokers. These are the authors, composers, producers and directors—all the creators who feed the celestial fires.

Here LIFE presents a gallery of ascendant names of show business, grouping them on the following pages in five major categories. Most of them are people whose achievements have won them high influence and an enduring place in U.S. entertainment history.

Along with them is a group of gifted newcomers who have already begun to light up the sky and whose futures look even brighter. Some important names which are not mentioned here appear elsewhere in the issue. There are many first-magnitude stars who, for lack of space, do not appear. LIFE is showing the kind of show people who in their fields have the qualities of greatness.

For instance, the four men below are among those who stand out as multiple-threat performers, exerting the spellbinding force that is the essence of entertainment.

Bing Crosby's easygoing warmth and his showbiz showmanship have made him both a master crooner and an impressive film actor.

Danny Kaye's miraculous virtuosity—as scat-singer, dancer, pantomimist, halladeer, mimic and all-round clown—has made him a kind of benevolent Pied Piper, radiating an ageless fairy-tale charm.

Frank Sinatra in himself is a compelling and deeply human paradox. Pugnacious yet wistful, determined yet tenderly sentimental, Sinatra became the first singing idol of squealing teen-agers 16 years ago. He matured into a first-rate screen actor and his record albums still remain top sellers.

Over and above his sharply honed talents as a radio, TV and movie comedian, Bob Hope has become a personage, who has brought laughter into stately occasions like White House receptions, and carried fun and warmth to millions of Americans on far-off war frontiers.

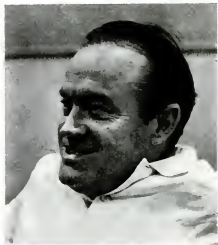
If the performers seem to dominate the entertainment world, there is good reason. They are the front men, the link between

all the rest of show business and the public. Irving Berlin, for example, wrote a lovely song, *White Christmas*. But would we be reminded that "treetops glisten and children listen to hear sleighbells in the snow" if Bing had not made the first marvelous record of it? Would a vain, penny-pinching violinist be an always-welcome character if it were anybody but Jack Benny?

Nobody knows exactly what makes a performer a public idol. Show people call it, for want of a better term, star quality. Its possessors stand out sharply as examples or symbols of something the public admires or needs. In personifying our secret desires or lifelong ambitions the performers are mirrors of ourselves in our own place and time.



**BING CROSBY**



**BOB HOPE**



**DANNY KAYE**



**FRANK SINATRA**



### BOX-OFFICE BLONDE

Some stars achieve success only after serving a long apprenticeship. Not so Kim Novak, who was elevated abruptly to stardom at the age of 22, a Galatea created by Hollywood's Pygmalsions who found in her Slavic beauty a unique synthesis of sweetness and fire, of sensuality veiled in virtue. These qualities and her modest acting resources lifted her last year to the position of No. 1 female box-office star. Today her abilities are continuing to flower along with her ambition and her temperament.



### BOX-OFFICE CHAMPION

The agent who dreamed up Rock Hudson's name said, "I tried to think of something strong, like Gibraltar." The name matches Hudson's air of uncomplicated staunchness. His unquestionable appeal to women of all ages has enabled the modest ex-trackdriver to pass more sophisticated screen lovers and become the biggest single box-office draw in the U.S. Hudson admits to shyness during the filming of love scenes. "Especially in front of a crew of 75 people or so," he says, "and all those lights."

## MOVIES

Beauties, idols, prizewinners, moneymakers  
and veteran actors with undiminished skill and appeal



### DRAMATIC ACTOR

Marlon Brando fascinated stage and movie audiences by shouting and scratching his stomach in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Now, even when this enormously versatile actor plays a part calling for gentleness, the quality of raw violence is there. Somehow

he is always in his undershirt. Many in Hollywood dislike the stubborn truculence of this man who is now directing and producing his own film. But one producer who hates him said, "I defy you to watch anyone else when Brando is on the screen."



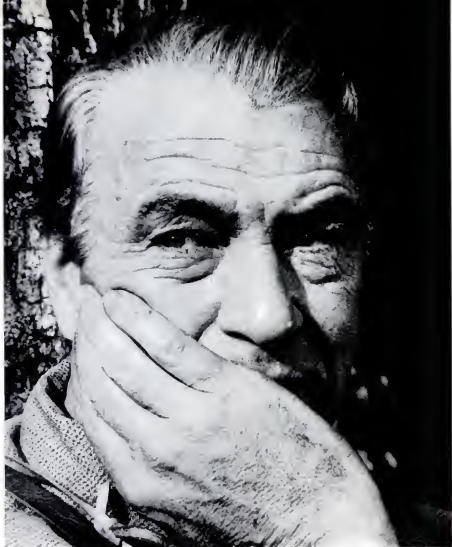
### HIGH-STYLE COMEDIAN

Mae West's famous invitation, "Come up and see me some time," was first addressed to Cary Grant, and most women feel the same way about him. Highly polished light comedy is regarded as the most difficult type of acting, and nobody for 20 years has been better at it than Grant. Though his style of wit and nonchalance is rare now in the movies, he is more popular than ever. Known for his tailored elegance, Grant does not wear garters. But as a friend says, "Cary's socks wouldn't dare fall down."



### INDEPENDENT PRODUCER

For 45 years Samuel Goldwyn has been noted for the good taste and great success of his pictures and for his shrewd and hilarious assaults on the English language. Among the first of the real independents, Goldwyn has produced his own films with his own money. *Gypsy* and *Dolls* was the most recent. Now he is finishing his lavish production of *Porgy and Bess*. His one-track toughness of mind was once summed up in a famous Goldwynism: "This business is dog eat dog, and nobody's gonna eat me."



### ALL-ROUND ACTOR

Whether on a horse or in a drawing room, Gary Cooper can do no wrong. He has evoked critical esteem for skillful performances in both light comedy and serious drama, but he is most often envisaged in western roles. No one will ever forget

him in *High Noon*. In fact, many of his fans cannot remember the movies without him. Although he has been acting for 30 years, his lank masculinity and taciturn mien attract today's audiences no less than those who first applauded him 100 films ago.



### FRANTIC COMIC

Jerry Lewis, with his yapping nasal voice and his mugging rubber face, grosses \$4 million a year because he is driven by an impossible ambition. "I want to be loved by everybody," he says. Though he is mainly a comic in the frantic slapstick tradition, there is a gently endearing, almost pathetic quality to much of his best work. Privately he is a bitter man who hates Hollywood. "If you sit by your swimming pool long enough," he says, "you'll wake up one morning and it won't be there."



### PRIZE DIRECTOR

Somebody once called him "Ninety-two Wyler" and Director William Wyler earned the nickname. He often spends 18 months doing a film (most big films are done in six). In one famous shooting session in *The Heiress* he made Olivia de Havilland carry a book-laden suitcase upstairs 20 times until he was satisfied with her look of fatigue. By virtue of his perfectionism, honesty and taste, his pictures have been nominated for more than 50 Oscars. Nine went to one alone: *The Best Years of Our Lives*.



### DRAMATIC ACTRESS

In fulfilling her early professional promise Elizabeth Taylor has done almost perfectly. The exquisitely delicate child who first drew notice in *National Velvet* in 1944 has become the exquisitely voluptuous woman recently seen in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Her beauty is so compelling that critics are perennially surprised to discover she can also act. If anything, the romantic vicissitudes of Miss Taylor's private life have increased the public demand for her. She now gets \$500,000 per picture.



### NO. 1 DANCER

Fred Astaire has enchanted more people with his urbane, feather-footed grace than any other dancer in the world. For three decades he has held his position as America's most delectable and stylish musical star. His incomparable dancing, which he brought to TV this season with huge success, often overshadows his talents as an actor and singer of great versatility and charm. Says M-G-M Producer Arthur Freed, "Song writers would rather have him introduce a song than anyone else in the business."



## LONG-LASTING COMEDIAN

Long ago when he was only 39, which he remained for 25 years, Jack Benny invented another self. The extra Benny was vain, fussy, bald, cowardly, less of a violinist than he thought, stingy. This compound of flaws has proved so durable that Benny has had

one sponsor (Lucky Strike) 15 years and is the only top comedian to survive TV's ruthless overexposure. The real Benny, age 64, has tremendous talent, real hair, is generous and has so little vanity that other comedians call him their "best audience."



## COMEDY COUPLE

Lucille Ball was important enough to insist that her longo-drumming husband be cast with her when she first tried TV 10 years ago. The resulting show, *I Love Lucy*, was a resounding success mainly because of Lucille's frantic, big-eyed talents as a clown—although, to his own surprise, Desi Arnaz' Cuban charm made him an effective partner. Now, as the brains of Desilu, a family corporation which turns out \$30 million a year in TV films, Desi has been recognized as wearer of the family's pants.

## WESTERN HERO

Of all "adult" westerns, one that stays regularly in TV's top 10 is *Gunsake*. The star, 45-year-old James Arness, thinks this may be because as Marshal Matt Dillon of Dodge City (at right, with Peter Votrian) he is credible because he is not infallible. "I get outdrawn, shot, kicked and beaten up," he admits. His director, Ted Post, thinks the answer lies more in the real Arness. "When he looks at you with those sad cow eyes of his a crazy kind of *Well, schmerz* comes from his heart through his eyelids."





classic heroes who command its audiences



#### VARIETY SHOW MC

Steve Allen made it big on television by inducing nationwide insomnia as master of ceremonies of the late night *Tonight* show. Moving to a prime and decent Sunday evening hour, he has won even more conspicuous success, thanks almost wholly to his own engaging personality. He has the affable articulateness of a disk jockey (which he once was) and is one of television's most versatile entertainers—jazz pianist, composer, poet, short-story writer. "A group of small individual talents," he says modestly, "has produced a considerable amount of success."



#### CASUAL CROONER

No singer on television has won larger or more durable success than Perry Como, the seventh son of a seventh son who was once a barber. The secret ingredient of his success has been the pleasantly restful nonchalance of the man and his show, "A walking Milton." one contemporary has called him. The relaxed quality is partly artful illusion. "It takes six days of rehearsals to get this just-put-together feeling," Como says. What it really takes, of course, is Perry Como, the able pro who likes to sing and has sold 50 million records.

# THEATER

To keep the footlights burning, a royal family of players, playwrights and wise showmen



## MUSICAL PARTNERS

The team of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd first went to work in the fall of 1942 on the score of *Oklahoma!* "What happened between Oscar and me was almost chemical," Rodgers recalled later. Their masterworks—*Oklahoma!*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *South Pacific*, *The King and I*—created a new dramatic form in which words, music and action, perfectly integrated, brilliantly sustained and intensified each other. Their romantic, unforgettable songs are heard wherever there is music in the world.



## MUSICAL STAR

More than any other musical star, Mary Martin has the ability to "light up the stage." "She makes you think the world is not coming to an end," says a producer. Her special incandescence comes from an enormous versatility combined with exuberance, vitality and personal warmth. "She has so many talents that roles limit her talents." Director Joshua Logan declares, "A strong part for Mary must give her a chance to sing, to move, to act, to clown, to do all the wild things she can do, such as fly."



## DIRECTOR

When Joshua Logan is at work, says Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, "the whole damn theater is alive and vibrating." As director and producer, Logan has poured his huge talents and sensitive concern for detail into a string of prize-winning plays (*Picnic*), top musicals (*South Pacific*), and four films—all successful. Temperamental himself, Logan is sympathetic with actors' temperament. In his fervent pursuit of perfection he inspires both newcomers and bigtime stars to rise above their usual capacities.



## DRAMATIC ACTRESS

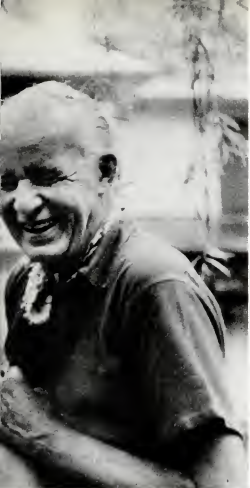
"Extremely nervous but very strong . . . I don't know anyone of her age to equal her for sheer basic acting talent," says Director Harold Clurman. Kim Stanley is a product of stage-struck Texas (pp. 122-123), having gotten her start in college plays. She came to New York and forced producers to hear her recite Shakespeare. "They were stunned but not impressed," she says. After several triumphs on Broadway, she starred in a movie, *The Goddess*, and now impresses everyone in O'Neill's *Touch of the Post*.



## FIRST COUPLE OF STAGE

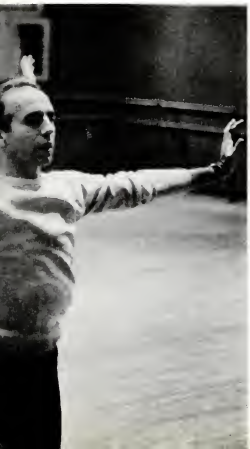
After Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne (*above*) had achieved their first joint hit in 1921, a critic prophesied, "Those that saw them, bowing hand in hand for the first time, may well have been witnessing a moment in theatrical history." Today—31 years and 28 plays later—the Lunts are America's First Couple of the Theater. Their title rests both on superb talent and obvious joy in their calling. Of their zest for the theater Robert E. Sherwood once wrote, "They devour it, they inhale it, they roll in it."





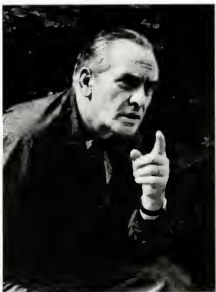
## CHOREOGRAPHER

"In dance he has completely revolutionized the theater," says Producer Leland Hayward of Jerome Robbins. A product of classical ballet, Robbins (*below*) has become a distinguished choreographer of serious works. But he also reigns on Broadway where he directed both acting and dancing in two hits, *Bells Are Ringing* and *West Side Story*. Using jazzy rhythms, sometimes getting ideas from watching teenagers rent up by a jukebox, he creates an art that is pithy, funny, touching and as contemporary as jive talk.



## PLAYWRIGHT

"The big talent, the poet who is all dramatist, possessed of shattering power, the one man whose new work I always read with surprise," Director Elia Kazan thus sums up Tennessee Williams, who holds top rank among living U.S. playwrights and twice has won Pulitzer prizes (*A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*). Many critics deplore his somber view of life. Williams insists his motif is "the need for understanding, tenderness and fortitude among individuals trapped by circumstance."



## DRAMATIC ACTOR

"Depth and flamboyance . . . he has all the virtues of the old school . . . a truly great character actor," says Critic Brooks Atkinson of Fredric March. After a passional stage career, March became a washblack film hero, then came back to Broadway—having grown enormously in stature—as an illustrious star (*Skin of Our Teeth*, *Long Day's Journey into Night*). Quiet, intelligent, March is easy to work with, "a director's dream," says one eminent showman, "with a quality of gentleness and innate nobility."



## PRODUCER

"He never makes 'artistie' noises signifying nothing," says a director who has worked for Producer Kermit Bloomgarden. Little known to the public, Bloomgarden is unsurpassed at the complex job of choosing plays, directors, actors and meshing them all together smoothly. He has shown rare courage in picking fine plays—*Death of a Salesman*, *Look Homeward, Angel*—that did not seem hit material, but turned out, under his guidance, smash successes. And so did his musical, *The Music Man*.



## DIRECTOR

As a director, "he is a benign Svengali. He sees and knows not only what is on paper, but helps the author to clarify half-unconscious and partly stated meanings." This is a playwright's tribute to Elia Kazan, who has staged the work of many of the theater's first-rate writers—Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, William Inge. Genial and relaxed off stage, Kazan infuses high-voltage excitement into his prize-winning plays and films. His latest directorial triumph is the new play *J.B.* (pp. 171-174).



### OVERNIGHT SUCCESS

Her success was absolutely phenomenal. In her first stage role, as *Suzie* in *The World of Suzie Wong*, France Nuyen became a Broadway star. Her French-Chinese parentage had given her a delicate Polynesian look and a childhood spent in

poverty taught her a stoic Oriental confidence. Both qualities helped her rush to the top. On stage as *Suzie*, France shows a quality of purity and sweetness and talent which, her stage manager says, "seems to come out of her by itself."



## NEWCOMERS Young



### PIANO VIRTUOSO

← The fashion nowadays in classical piano is to play Bach cool and modestly. In this atmosphere Van Cliburn stands out as a throwback to the great grand-mannered virtuosos. He loves romantic flamboyance, Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky and he plays with great emotion, huge hands flying, wild hair waving. Since his Moscow trip he has been cheered through one of the lusiest concert schedules ever seen and his recording of Tchaikovsky's First Concerto is ahead of Presley in album sales.



performers with charm, virtuosity and a taste for hard work



#### YOUTHFUL STAR

Tony Perkins is only 26 and he looks only 18. On stage and film he usually appears as an ingenuous youth and displays a gangling earnestness women find irresistible. "He looks," said one, "like an undernourished young boy. He brings out the mother instinct in women and girls." In his movies this gentle appeal has won him great personal acclaim and it has made his latest record album, *On a Rainy Afternoon*, a best-seller. But his basic strength lies in his studious, thoughtful approach to his roles.



#### DRAMATIC ACTOR

Jason Roberts Jr. is an actor who is not afraid to uncork his emotions and play big—and a man who has the talent and technique to carry it off. After a dozen years of relative anonymity and hard work in drama schools, stock theatre and TV, Roberts was discovered in his middle 30s when he appeared in an off-Broadway production of *The Iceman Cometh*. Now, well established in the bigtime, he is displaying his strong classical style of acting in *The Disenchanted*, a new play about F. Scott Fitzgerald.



#### VERSATILE ACTRESS

Joanne Woodward can slump about as the drabdest housewife or shine as a beautiful woman. Which part she plays makes little difference to her. "This," says one of her movie directors, "is the sign of a first-class actress. Joanne will dare anything artistically." She won her first fame at 27 in 1957 when her third movie, *The Three Faces of Eve*, brought her an Oscar and two other awards. Tough and candid, she takes her job in deadly earnest and between scenes amuses herself with mathematical problems.

# MUSIC MAKERS

Melodious quintet—from pop queen to prima donna



## POPULAR SINGER

Doris Day started to sing at 15 when a broken leg ended her hope of a dancing career. Blessed with a bright, bubbly voice, great style and determination to look superhappy and supernatural, Doris was a big vocalist even before she hit the movies in 1948. There, as the latest movie colony "girl next door," sunny-faced Doris soon became a leading movie attraction as well as the world's top female recording star. "She's the girl next door, all right," said one Hollywood admirer. "Next door to the bank."



## BALLADEER

Handsome and honey-voiced, Harry Belafonte had a good pop-music career going in 1950. He quit because it gave him "no sense of artistic fulfillment." He found fulfillment a year later as a balladeer of folk music. This is usually high-brow, limited stuff, but such is Harry Belafonte's superb sense of showmanship that he has parlayed his artistic honesty and burning talent into sweet success—as a movie star, a top nightclub star on two continents, a gigantic record-seller—without compromising a note.



## JAZZ SINGER

"Whatever it is Ella does to my songs they sound better," says Richard Rodgers, whose sophisticated show tunes are a far cry from the bouncy nursery rhyme, *A Tisket, a Tasket*, that carried Ella Fitzgerald to stardom in 1938. Now, at 40, Miss Fitzgerald's versatility, musicianship and shy good humor make her the undisputed, ungrudged Queen of Jazz. "She captures you somewhere through the facets of your intangibles," says Duke Ellington. And he added more simply, "She's just plain good."



## MANY-SIDED MAESTRO

Conductor, pianist, talented composer, TV mass-choreographer, the aging (40) but still engaging *Wonder-kind* of music, Leonard Bernstein, personifies America's serious music in an era when the leadership of world music has shifted to the U.S. "He is starting a renaissance and this takes a courageous man," says Dimitri Mitropoulos, Bernstein's predecessor as leader of New York's Philharmonic. Friends remember Bernstein as a prophetic song writer. Fourteen years ago he wrote a tune called *Lucky To Be Me*.



## GRAND OPERA DIVA

←The grand diva of grand opera does not fit into the myth that every prima donna must have a wicked temper to survive. Renata Tebaldi, a soprano who never puts on side, is serene, shy, and to some Metropolitan fans almost colorless—everything that her lumptinous rival Maria Callas is not. Tebaldi has a refulgent voice and a convincing dramatic technique. But she also has something more. "In *Tosca*," says Basso George London who sings the villain of that opera, "she brings out the beast in me!"

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"At cruising altitude the sky is clear blue... When the sun sinks below the horizon, night does not fall; it seeps upward through the sky..."

## THE HUSH OF SPEED—across the Atlantic by Jet Clipper

**C**HANCES ARE you'll find the take-off far from anything you expected. If you expected a giant "whoosh"—and to be rocketed into the sky—you'll find the opposite is true. Somehow the earth melts away beneath you, the speed-gathering run imperceptibly blends into near-silent flight.

Different? Yes. Exciting? Yes. You are flying one of the first American-built jet airliners, a Pan Am Jet Clipper\*, the already-famous Boeing 707. You are part of an era that sees the world shrunk by 40 per cent. Here at take-off, you will have met the jet engine's first characteristic.

It starts gloriously. Softly, silently, it reaches high speed. The runway fades away. As Pan Am's Jet Clipper climbs—at two or three thousand feet per minute—to cruising altitude, the noise falls far behind.

The front of the cabin becomes very still; the rear half so quiet that sound never rises above the level of your own speaking voice. The interior of the cabin is so vibration-free you can literally balance a coin on the armrest.

### Meals by Maxim's

Now—in about 30 minutes after take-off, you are at your cruising altitude. While you look out the window, Pan Am's flight attendants start meal service. As you savor a cocktail, busy hands in the four efficient galleys are fixing the select cuts of meat, the choicest vegetables prepared by one of the great French restaurants—Maxim's of Paris.

While you dine, the Jet Clipper cruises at an altitude high above the weather, up where the air has less resistance. This is where the jet engine comes into its own—picking up the jet stream currents which can increase the ground speed considerably beyond 600 miles per hour.

### Fastest to Europe

You'll be flying faster than ever before, but with no sensation of speed, none at all of height. What will this speed mean to you? You can have breakfast in New York, lunch on board the Jet Clippers and a candlelight dinner in London. Then a stroll

along the Thames Embankment before turning in.

Speed helps give you mastery of weather. Since the flying time is greatly reduced, there is little or no chance of running into bothersome weather. What there is, the Jet Clippers can easily fly around.

### Functional styling

The size of the Jet Clippers alone will make you marvel. The wings are 132 feet long; the tail is as tall as a 5-story building; the passenger cabin is 100 feet in length, big enough to carry more than 150 people.

With your opportunity to look around, you'll notice the dramatically swept-back wings with the four Pratt & Whitney J-57 jet engines suspended in pods beneath them. No mere styling, these angled wings are as functional as they are beautiful—a tribute to modern aeronautical design.

You'll notice the wing tips flex up and down. They act like springs in a limousine, keeping your ride level and smooth as the jet engine pushes you softly and silently through the sea of air.

Of course, the engine itself is the masterpiece. Simple almost beyond belief, powerful almost beyond imagination. Because it is a Jet, the engines have one-third fewer moving parts than regular propeller-driven aircraft.

A peek into the flight deck shows a cockpit far smaller, much simpler. One senior Clipper Captain remarked recently that he'd rather fly one of the Jet Clippers to Europe than drive his car to the station in the morning.

### Greater comfort

Inside your cabin you'll find your seat more relaxing than anything you've ever experienced before. Overhead is a ceiling light system that is color-controlled to parallel the light from outside; from white daylight through rosy dawn to starlight blue. Above your seat is a console panel or service cluster with an individual call button for the stewardess, a personal reading light and control, individual air ducts and sound system. The triple-

pane window has a full-length shade and is kept fog-free by the same ingenious air conditioning system that keeps you draft-free.

Time has never passed as swiftly as in the few hours that now separate continents. A feeling of complete relaxation and well-being comes over you in the quiet calm of the fluid-smooth flight. Over the public address system the Clipper Captain points out the city of Bristol beneath you and advises you, if you haven't already done so, to set your watch five hours ahead.

### Most flight-tested

You have ridden in the largest, most powerful Jet airliner in service today, the most thoroughly flight-tested aircraft ever to enter commercial service. The prototype of Pan Am's Jet Clippers has been flying since July, 1954, including the record-breaking transcontinental flight from Seattle to Baltimore in 3 hours and 48 minutes.

As the Jet Clipper noses down, it touches the runway as gently as a lovely lady coming downstairs. Your first flight in the Pan American Jet Clipper is over. As the plane cuts its engines, two loading ramps move up to the doors, one forward, one aft. You disembark rested, ready for whatever social or business engagements lie ahead.

Right from the start, Pan Am is featuring economy-class Clipper Thrift service as well as deluxe *President Special* service—both at *no extra fare*. It is a Pan American tradition to put its finest equipment where the most people can enjoy it. Today, more than ever, the dream of a holiday abroad is a reality. Within the limits of a 2-week vacation, and an average budget, you can now visit Europe. And your holiday begins the moment you step aboard the serene Jet Clippers. You enter into an entirely new world in commercial aviation, a world brought to you by Pan American.

What's it like to fly the Atlantic in a Jet? The answer is just one word: *wonderful!*

\*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE





"SHOW ME MY GUILT, O LORD!" CRIES J.B. (PAT HINGLE) IN HIS MISERY. BEHIND HIM STANDS A DIABOLIC FIGURE WHO HOPES J.B. WILL RENOUNCE GOD

## JOB'S ORDEAL IN GREAT PLAY

**'J.B.' becomes a Broadway triumph without benefit of newspapers**

Last week one of the most triumphant opening nights in Broadway history took on added excitement because of a strike which halted the printing of New York's newspapers. The play, *J.B.*, was written by the distinguished U.S. poet, Archibald MacLeish, and its premiere had been long and eagerly awaited. As usual after the opening the critics wrote their reviews. But they went unprinted, reported in bits and pieces over TV, radio, and by word of mouth. When all verdicts were in, *J.B.* stood heaped with praise. Brooks Atkinson of the New York *Times* called it "one of the memorable works of the century . . . theater on its highest level." Other critics called it "enormously impressive," "truly splendid," "play of awesome might"—and applauded the whole cast and production.

A modern comment on the Book of Job, the drama unfolds in a kind of symbolic circus tent where all the timeless dramas of the world might

take place. Job is called J.B., after the fashion of calling modern businessmen by their initials. Blessed by a loving family and material riches, he basks gratefully in God's grace until he is horribly smitten by calamity. His five children are killed. He is excruciatingly afflicted. His wife in despair leaves him. Job, still believing in God's justice, struggles to understand what sin he must have committed to incur the divine wrath. In verse that is both savagely rugged and soaringly lyrical, MacLeish brings Job to the realization that God's ways are not to be justified by man, but that in man himself—with his unconquerable will to go on loving and living—God is made manifest.

As news about *J.B.*, even without newspapers, spread through New York, the theater box office was besieged and a great play was on its way to being a great hit—proof that the public appreciates exceptional merit.

WATCHING "J.B." REHEARSALS, AUTHOR MACLEISH (LEFT) STOOD BY TO MAKE ANY CHANGES NEEDED IN HIS PLAY. AT RIGHT IS FIDDLER ALFRED DR. LAGRE



CONTINUED



## Great moments in entertainment come to life on the new Zenith—world's finest high fidelity



## Hear new stereophonic records with amazing depth and dimension— all your present records with a new richness of sound

The new Zenith record playing instruments are unlike anything you have ever heard before—engineered on an entirely new principle for the stereophonic age. Unlike phonographs that are merely “converted” to accommodate stereophonic records, Zenith high fidelity was specifically developed to bring a new dimension from stereophonic records and to play all your present records with sound you never realized was there.

New Zenith high fidelity includes magnificent, full stereophonic instruments, self-contained in beautiful

provincial, traditional or modern, fine-furniture cabinets. Equally exciting are stereophonic-equipped high fidelity instruments with Zenith remote speaker systems which may be added now or later for full stereophonic sound. See and hear them at your Zenith Dealer.

**A. The Cantata.** This fine high fidelity instrument is equipped for stereophonic sound. Its handsome contemporary cabinet is 30" high, 28½" wide, 16½" deep. Model SF125, in grained walnut or mahogany color \$239.95\* or blond oak color \$249.95\*. Add the companion remote speaker system in matching finishes now or later, Model SR5 10, \$125.00\*.

**B. The Crescendo.** Full stereophonic with FM/AM radio. Slim Danish modern styling with beautiful cane grillwork front, in walnut hardwood solids and veneers or in ebony finish. Two 12" woofers and two high frequency exponential treble horn tweeters. Dimensions: 32" high, 46½" wide, 17½" deep. Model SF2570, \$700.00\*.

**C. The Intermexzo.** Full stereophonic with FM/AM radio. Provincial styling in warm tones of maple or mahogany hardwood solids and veneers. Two 12" woofers with heavy Alnico 5 magnets and two 5" cone-type tweeters. Dimensions: 33" high, 46½" wide, 18½" deep. SF2565, \$625.00\*.

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Quality of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, hi-fi and listening aids. 40 years of leadership in electronic electronics. \*Stereophonic equipment retail price. Slightly higher in the Southwest and 10 cent more. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

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*The quality goes in  
before the name goes on*

*Specially designed  
Zenith quality  
components—for  
world's finest sound*

Exclusive Zenith features, to satisfy even the most knowledgeable high fidelity enthusiast, are incorporated in these remarkable new Zenith instruments.



**Exclusive Cobra-Matic® Record Changer** has four speeds, Zenith's all-new Cobra® Tone Arm, with dual-needle cartridge preserves records with a feather-light touch, yet picks up every recorded sound with incredible fidelity.



**40 watts of undistorted power output—up to 80 watts peak!** Dual channel amplifiers in self-contained units—two separate amplifiers in stereophonic equipped models, one in main unit and one in remote speaker system.



**Stereo-Studio Sound Control Panel**—another Zenith exclusive found on many models in the Zenith line. Gives you precision control of tonal response, virtually the same control as that of a recording studio engineer. Has Stereo Balance Control that brings separate speaker systems into correct balance for best stereophonic sound—adjusts to suit individual tastes.



**Powerful speaker systems** employ at least four high-rated Zenith quality speakers—two woofers with heavy Alnico 5 magnets, two high frequency exponential treble horn speakers or two cone-type tweeters. Cross-over networks channel frequencies into proper speakers.

**ZENITH**

**'J. B.' CONTINUED**



**ROLES OF GOD AND DEVIL** are taken by circus vendors (Raymond Massey, top, and Christopher Plummer),

who put on masks and vie with each other during the action of the play to win J.B. finally over to their sides.



**PLAY CONFERENCES** went on all during the rehearsals between Director Elia Kazan (standing) and Author

MacLeish, who did considerable on-the-spot rewriting. At the left is the mask that Raymond Massey wears in *J.B.*



**BRILLIANT ACTING TEAM**—Massey, Plummer and Hingle—lean forward to listen intently at a rehearsal in which MacLeish reads his verse play aloud.

Critics called Massey "direct and commanding," commended Plummer for his "startling vitality" and Hingle for an "almost unbearably moving performance."

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topped with  
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say...

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BUT ONCE A YEAR!"



...Relief is just  
a swallow  
away<sup>7</sup>



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BRAND

This fellow makes toys. He loves his work, but he sometimes gets tired. Don't you? When you feel worn out with holiday shopping—holiday parties—when your head aches and your stomach feels upset, take ALKA-SELTZER. See how it soothes your headache, settles your stomach, lets you feel like yourself again!



**MILES PRODUCTS** **M** Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana

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*light* refreshment  
your way, wish you  
the most light-hearted  
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Christmas hat especially created by Sally Victor for Pepsi-Cola.



UNDER HANGING LIGHTS IN COLUMBIA RECORDS STUDIO, PERCY FAITH LEADS ORCHESTRA IN STEREO SESSION WITH RIBBONS MARKING SEPARATE PICKUPS

## Getting the Sound to Surround

Stereophonic sound, the newest technical refinement in the already astonishing craft of recording music, goes about as far as records can go toward getting the home listener close to the prime sources of music. In the past decade the long-playing record and the high-fidelity phonograph equipment that came with it performed miracles at putting the home listener virtually in the concert hall. Now stereo puts the home listener right in the middle of the orchestra, with the music pouring in on him from all sides. But putting him there requires the new twists in recording techniques shown above.

In this photographed session four microphones were used to record Percy Faith's orchestra. Members were carefully topped with colored caps. The four string players and pianist in green (*left*) were picked up by the two mikes with the green ribbons leading from them. The brass

and reed players and percussionists in red played to the red-ribboned mike. The blue-topped violinists were heard by the mike on their right. When their music was dubbed onto stereo records, which have sensitized tracks on both walls of each record groove, the green mikes' music was impressed on the record's right wall, the blue mikes' music on its left, and the red mikes' signals divided between them.

The rig required to hear Faith's music played stereophonically at home is much less intricate than the one used in the recording studio. The sound on each wall of the LP record's grooves is distributed, left and right, to the two well-spaced speakers a stereo system requires. The listener, seated in front of but between them, hears the music as Faith heard it with cellos and bass to his right, violins to his left, and—by remarkable illusion—brass straight ahead where there isn't even a speaker.

The new 1959 Cadillac car speaks so eloquently—in so many ways—of the man who sits at its wheel. Simply because it is a Cadillac, for instance, it indicates his high level of personal achievement. Because it is so beautiful and so majestic, it bespeaks his fine sense of taste and his uncompromising standards. Because it is so luxurious and so regally appointed, it reveals his consideration for the comfort of his fellow passengers. And because it is so economical to own and to operate, it testifies to his great practical wisdom. The magnificent 1959 Cadillac will tell this wonderful story about *you*. So delay no longer. Make the decision now and visit your Cadillac dealer. In fact, the car's extraordinary reception has made it imperative that you place your order soon. Why not stop in tomorrow and make the arrangements?

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EVERY WINDOW OF EVERY CADILLAC IS SAFETY PLATE GLASS



Cadillac...universal symbol of achievement







### SEATS IN THE CENTER FOR A HI-FI HOME

To surround home listeners with all the resonances of stereophonic sound that are put into a record in the recording studio (p. 177), a setup such as the one shown in this photographic diagram is necessary. The separate tracks of music picked up from two sides of the stylus, or needle, on the tone arm (*top*) are first amplified, then passed to the speaker enclosures—these are RCA Victor stereos—at the sides of a room. From these, like two broadening streams of lights, emerge two streams of high-fidelity sound. With some instruments flooding in predominantly from the left and others from the right, the effect created is that of an array of performers stretched out before the listeners. The best place to hear

the music is where the streams overlap. As listeners move away from this central position, fidelity falls off and they encounter all the disadvantages of sitting in a poor seat in an acoustically faulty concert hall.

Phonograph dealers are hoping that the huge home music audience will soon make nonstereo sets as outmoded as 78-rpm records. But record collectors remain aware that some of the finest past performances—for example, most of Toscanini's—can never be stereophonic. The sellers airily discount that. "Why worry about an old Toscanini," one of them asks, "when now you can have the whole Boston Symphony Orchestra in the house whenever you want it?"



# BUSINESS: RICHES OR RUIN

**Sober investors keep gambling on a \$4 billion industry sometimes so outlandish  
an Indian may tomahawk himself to save money and an alligator can eat up profits**

by ERNEST HAYEMANN

AS in any other business, the traditional way to get a raise in show business is to walk into the boss's office and ask for it. One day last month Movie Director George Stevens did just that. Having finished *The Diary of Anne Frank* (pp. 44-51), which everybody expects to be a tremendous hit, Stevens had been asked to start work next on *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, which the 20th Century-Fox Corporation hopes will be a classic among biblical movies. Like any other faithful employee who has just finished one job successfully and has been assigned to another more important one, Stevens felt entitled to some sort of bankable recognition. His employers, delighted with his work, were of a mind to agree.

Thus there was really no problem when Stevens walked into the inner sanctum of 20th Century in New York City, especially since he had with him his agent, a positive thinker named Charles Feldman, to help work out something appropriate. It was unanimously agreed to tear up Stevens' old contract, since this gave him only \$50,000 annually for 10 years, during which period he was expected to direct two films to earn the pay. Instead it was decided that he should sign a new contract which will give him exactly \$1 million for directing *The Greatest Story*, plus 25% of all the profits the movie earns forever and ever, until the last reel of film has crumbled to dust.

After the signatures had been affixed to this breath-taking contract, Stevens and Feldman shook hands politely all around and left the office. Outside they shook hands with each other and went their separate ways. They did not have even one small drink to celebrate for, after all, million-dollar contracts (out of which the agent gets 10% or \$100,000) are all in the day's work in show business, which is simultaneously the most slaphappy yet ulcer-ridden, penny-pinching yet profligate, glamorous and shabby, poverty-stricken and prosperous business in the world.

The executives of 20th Century, for their part, did not weep, wail and call for aspirin. Indeed they were quite pleased about the new contract. It was a deal in which everybody understood everybody else and nobody had to beat around the bush; afterward nobody felt wildly elated or badly put upon. The way show business is constituted nowadays George Stevens is well worth a million dollars a picture and knows it. Feldman is well worth \$100,000 a shot as an agent and knows it. Twentieth Century is going to make a fortune out of Stevens' services on *The Greatest Story*, and knows it. For the people involved it was just one of those routine days where you call up the wife at 5 p.m. and say you will be home at the usual time, and when she asks, "What's new?" you say, "Nothing much."

## The other side of the coin

ON the other hand that same day witnessed all kinds of terrible, temper-fraying, heartbreaking and truly trivial financial crises in show business. Somewhere in the big 20th Century organization an efficiency expert doubtless had to disapprove flatly a requisition for two extra cans of pancake make-up. Somewhere in the hills around Hollywood the producer of a cheap-budget television western, desperately fighting the clock, was driven nearly out of his mind by the shooting delay caused by some spare-time airplane buff messing up the sound track by practicing barrel rolls overhead. Somewhere in the Midwest the owner of a downtown movie theater took a last sad look at his books and came to the reluctant conclusion that he would have to close shop because his customers were no longer eating enough 15¢ bags of popcorn.

Although romanticists will doubtless write the theatrical history of the last half century in terms of Caruso and Bernhardt, of Valentino and Garbo, Eugene O'Neill, George Gershwin and Rodgers

and Hammerstein, this is just another of the entertainment world's pleasant illusions. No matter how talented they may have been, all the actors and actresses, the authors and musicians, the comedians, jugglers and high-wire acts would have moped unseen, unknown and unemployed were it not for the fact that show business is just what its name says: a business, full of big and little businessmen, all out to make a buck. There would be no shows at all unless somebody was willing to build the theaters, heat them, hire the actors, buy the costumes and sell the tickets.

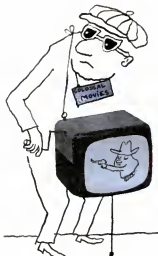
Far from being devotees of the arts, most of the people who really write show business history are devotees of double-entry bookkeeping. Many of them do not even particularly like shows. There is one Hollywood magnate who can barely sit through his own movies and cannot be dragged to see anyone else's. There is one highly successful and enormously well-paid Broadway producer who swears that he has enjoyed only three musicals and three plays in his life. (For the record, they were *Shore Boat*, *South Pacific*, *Guys and Dolls*, *Death of a Salesman*, *Streetcar Named Desire* and *Mister Roberts*.)

In its sum total show business is a business of staggering proportions. The legitimate theater—Broadway, the road and the summer circuit—takes in about \$70 million a year at the box office. Opera, symphonies and long-hair recitals take in \$50 million. The movies, though they have lost half their customers in the last 10 years, are still the biggest of all and doing far better than all the recent hand-wringing in Hollywood would indicate. For every movie theater boarded up or transformed into a furniture store in the center of town, a new one has been built in the suburbs or in a cow pasture. (The first drive-in was opened in 1933, and there are now about 5,000 of them.) There are still just as many movie theaters in the U.S. as ever: close to 19,000. They sell about 45 million admission tickets a week at the highest average price in motion picture history, for a total of around \$1.2 billion a year.

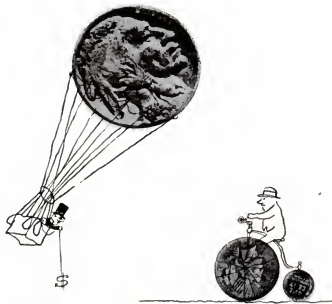
Adding these figures—and allowing for the substantial but statistically elusive sums spent on such things as circuses, observing the grandstand shows at state fairs, coach dancers in carnivals and the "exotics" in innumerable cheap nightclubs which have largely replaced burlesque—the entertainment box office take is somewhat more than \$2 billion a year.

In addition, there is radio, a \$700 million industry. The recording industry expects next year's sales to hit \$500 million. Then there is that young and still growing giant, television. Measured by its charges to the advertisers who foot the bill, television is over the \$900 million level. All in all, entertainment is in the neighborhood of a \$4 billion industry. This makes it more important economically than, for example, coal mining or air transportation.

But what makes show business



**FILMS FOR TV** are breadwinning comedown for oldtime movie studios. Many companies which once turned out multimillion-dollar epics for theater audiences have kept solvent by grinding out films for home screens.



**BALLOONING EXPENSES** afflicted *Around the World in 80 Days*, which featured aeronaut hero and bicycling valet. Despite cost, film earned pretty penny.

## SHOW BUSINESS CONTINUED

irresistible to most of its practitioners is not so much its size as its unpredictability. In our increasingly staid and regulated economy, show business is one of the few remaining frontiers for the man who hopes to start out with a dime today and be a millionaire by the end of the week. Although show business is certainly not all glamor and champagne suppers, although it almost always involves grinding work and often the most tightfisted pinching of pennies, it is an industry where the lightning can strike at any minute and in the most unexpected ways and places.

Even the performers, who are the least business-minded of all the people in show business, often unable to keep their personal checkbooks balanced or their taxes paid without the help of an agent, a lawyer and a business manager, are not totally without financial motivation. Many an aspiring young actress who thinks she is inspired by an unquenchable urge for artistic self-expression also has an insatiable secret yearning for the accoutrements of stardom: minks, swimming pools and expensive foreign cars. In no other business or profession is the struggling young beginner lured on by so many intoxicating and seductive examples of getting rich quick.

Two of the highest-paid people in the U.S. in the next few years undoubtedly will be Millie Perkins, the new 18-year-old star of the movie version of *Anne Frank*, and France Nuyen, the new 19-year-old star of the Broadway show *The World of Suzie Wong*. Until recently they were both totally without acting experience. Tommy Edwards, a singer who admits that he lived for almost three years on what he could mooch from friends and relatives, had 25 borrowed cents in his pocket when he made this year's smash-hit record, *It's All in the Game*. His gross income is now running at the rate of \$250,000 a year.

### The viewers-with-alarm

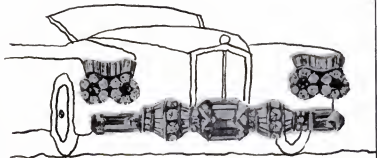
**B**UT for some strange reason show business tends to be both pessimistic and hypochondriacal. The people in it are always predicting its imminent demise. Within the last half century it has been generally accepted at various times that the newfangled talking machine would kill the music industry, that radio would kill the record business and that TV would forever silence radio. It has also been grumpily admitted that the theater is dying, to say nothing of the movies.

Yet somebody always comes along to put on another show. Anybody who undertakes to produce a Broadway show knows in advance that the odds are terribly against him. This season 200 manuscripts of various kinds have been bought by producers in the fond hope of raising enough money to get them on the stage. In more than half the cases the producer will fail to interest any of the wealthy and near-wealthy people who constitute the standard small group of investors or "angels" in Broadway plays. He will then give a series of parties

to which he will invite anybody at all who seems to have as much as a spare hundred dollars and an interest in the theater. He will ply his guests with as many cocktails as he can afford and as they are willing to drink, and he will then present a reading or audition of the play by whatever unemployed actor friends he has been able to cozen into helping him. Among the spectators he will usually plant one of the best actors to rise at the end of the performance, proclaim that he has been deeply moved, forecast a dazzling financial success and pledge a totally nonexistent \$2,000. A dozen parties and many hundreds of dollars' worth of whisky later, the would-be producer will gloomily add up the legitimate pledges and throw in the towel.

Of the plays for which the money is actually raised, some will prove so disappointing when seen on a stage as to be abandoned during rehearsals. Others will be abandoned because the audiences reject the tryout performances in New Haven, Boston or Philadelphia. Only 55 of the 200 plays will ever actually reach Broadway. There the critics will murder many of the survivors. The public will unaccountably fail to show for many of those that the critics like. In the end no more than 15 of the shows will prove successful.

Even the successes will not necessarily make the producer and the investors rich. The cost of producing and operating a show today is what one Broadway veteran has called "impossibly insane." For the



**STARLET'S DREAM**—for all her fine talk about her art—usually comes down to things money can buy: diamonds, expensive car, swimming pool.

most unpretentious little drama the scenery will cost \$15,000, the props \$6,000, the costumes \$2,500. The director costs \$3,000, rehearsals expenses \$12,000 or more, advance advertising and publicity at least \$10,000. The producer has to put up \$20,000 in bonds demanded by the various theatrical unions as proof of his ability to meet the payrolls. He will have in the bank, if he is prudent, a reserve of at least \$15,000 to \$20,000 to cover the losses he is likely to suffer while he is patching up the play before the skeptical and rather meager audiences in New Haven and Philadelphia. And of course he has to have the first week's payroll for his Broadway run, plus the rental for the theater. All in all it costs about \$100,000 to get a play to Broadway—and \$300,000 for a musical. If the show closes on the first Saturday night, as so often happens, all this money goes right down the drain. If the show keeps running, all the costs have to be recouped before there are any profits.

Many shows run for months on Broadway without ever getting out of the red. During these months they support a lot of people. Out of every box office dollar the theater owner gets 30¢ in rent. The writer, director, stars and perhaps the scenery and costume designers usually get another 25¢ or more. This leaves 45¢ or less to pay all the rest of the cast, the union press agent and all the union stagehands, who are past-masters at the gentle art of featherbedding. When Victor Borge presented his one-man show, with nothing on the stage except him, his dog and a motionless piano, he had to pay for four idle musicians and 11 idle stagehands.

The producer and investors are last in line, and often the trough has been emptied before they get there. A comedy called *The Happiest*



*Millionaire* recently ran an impressive 21 months on Broadway and the road but wound up without any profits because the story required the services of a small orchestra (\$720 a week) and a live alligator (\$325 a week). The big hit *Auntie Mame*, after running 80 weeks on Broadway and taking in nearly \$4 million, returned its investors only a \$170,000 profit. This was chiefly because its producers wanted Rosalind Russell so badly as their heroine that they agreed to pay her almost more than the traffic proved able to bear.

Why then is anybody willing to go to the trouble of producing a Broadway show, or to take the terrible risk of putting up the money? The reason is that the profits can be tremendous. If you can get a show to Broadway without spending too much money in advance, if you can run it on a reasonable weekly budget and if it then turns out to be a great hit, the profits will roll in week after week and month after month, in greater volume than you can get out of anything else but an oil or uranium strike.

Producers trying to convince investors of this cite a classic example. The late Producer Brock Pemberton once had a play manuscript by a little-known author called *The Pookah*. This was 15 years ago, before inflation had raised theatrical costs so high, and he figured he could get it to Broadway for \$30,000. He showed the manuscript to the people who had put up the money for his previous shows. To a man they turned it down. It was a play based on whimsy, and every Broadway veteran knows that whimsy is box office poison. In desperation Pemberton made one last try and showed the manuscript to a poor but honest ticket broker named Louis Schonceit. Unaware of the perils of whimsy, Schonceit got a tremendous kick out of the

hired to present his performance only once; he need not be paid night after night and week after week to repeat the job for the benefit of a new audience. From the one filmed negative made of the performance, at a relatively low processing cost, it is easy to make as many prints as desired. These prints can be shown over and over again anywhere from Paragould, Ark. to Poonamallee, India, and from the year of their creation until time eternal.

Until recently, at least, David O. Selznick's *Gone with the Wind* held the Hollywood money-making record. Its production costs were listed at \$4 million—and of course Hollywood has always tended to pad its cost figures, adding generous sums for that vague expense known as "studio overhead" and for various mere figments of a press agent's imagination. The movie has already grossed \$33.5 million and has a continuing market for revivals, not to say for television showings if its owners care to permit them. (Movie "grosses" are the amounts that theater owners pay for the privilege of running the film. Actual box office receipts are considerably higher.)

With only about half as many films being made this year as in Hollywood's golden era, so that there is less competition for the moviegoer's attention, and with the price of tickets way up, *Gone with the Wind* is now rapidly being superseded. Cecil B. DeMille's *Ten Commandments*, which cost \$13.5 million, has already grossed \$33 million as of Dec. 1. The late Mike Todd's *Around the World in 80 Days*, which cost \$6.5 million, may gross as much as \$50 million.

For the businessmen who have been smart enough to roll with the punch, the Hollywood depression is the best thing that ever happened. Up to 1953 only five films in all Hollywood history had grossed as much as \$10 million. In the five years since then, nine have hit this magic figure, to the total surprise, joy and sometimes embarrassment of the people who made them. When William Holden was asked to star in *Bridge on the River Kwai*, he insisted on 10% of the gross, to be paid to him at the rate of no more than \$50,000 a year. This is a more or less standard arrangement, designed to stretch out the income over a period of years and reduce taxes. *Bridge on the River Kwai* was such a great financial success, however, that Holden's 10% share will probably reach the unforeseen total of \$2.5 million. To collect it all at the rate of \$50,000 a year, he will have to live to be 90. Columbia, which made the picture, finds it its delight that it got Holden's services absolutely free, and in fact even better than free. Having that \$2.5 million of Holden's in the corporate treasury saves Metro \$150,000 a year in interest on money it would otherwise have to borrow at the standard movie industry rate of 6%. So even after paying Holden his \$50,000 a year, the company still saves \$100,000.

Over the years the show businessmen of the movie division have made money even out of bad movies. Showmanship indeed has often been synonymous with exaggeration, prevarication and the arousal of excessive expectations, as practiced by an expensive and indefatigable corps of press agents and exploitation men. This still goes on. One small-time producer recently made a quackie horror film for \$65,000, then spent \$275,000 advertising the fact that he had taken out an insurance policy which would pay \$1,000 to anybody who dropped dead from the excitement of watching his show. (Nobody did, possibly

CONTINUED

manuscript and managed with the help of some friends to scrape up \$10,000. With this much head start Pemberton quickly raised the rest of the money he needed.

Before *The Pookah* reached Broadway its name was changed to *Harvey*. To date Investor Schonceit and his friends have collected \$500,000 from their \$10,000 investment. The producer's take on *Harvey*, at the standard rate of one half of all profits, gave Pemberton and his heirs somewhere around \$1.5 million.

The musical show *Oklahoma!*—the book and lyrics of which were written by a man named Oscar Hammerstein who had just had six straight box office failures—cost \$200,000 to produce and earned \$7 million, divided equally between the investors and the producers. *South Pacific* cost \$300,000 and made \$9 million. Reflecting the inflated costs of production over the years, *My Fair Lady* was budgeted at \$360,000. But the price of theater tickets has also gone up, and *My Fair Lady* will probably take in more money than any musical before it and may wind up with a profit of more than \$10 million. As long as this kind of money can be made, there will be producers and investors—and nobody will boggle seriously at hiring a \$325-a-week alligator or 11 unnecessary stagehands to play pinocchio in the wings.

In the movies the possibilities of profit are even more mouth-watering. Indeed the moving picture is probably the greatest money-making device ever invented. When a movie is filmed, the actor is



CUTTING THE PROFITS, alligator hired at \$325 a week contributed to financial troubles of play *The Happiest Millionaire* despite its long run on Broadway.



## Revelation for Bruno Walter...his first recording in Columbia Guaranteed Stereo-Fidelity

Bruno Walter is one of the many world-famous artists who have recently had the very exciting experience of listening to their first recordings on a totally new kind of record.

You can share that experience with them. For a wide selection of the first Guaranteed Stereo-Fidelity Records is available at your record store, now—offering the ultimate in listening.

These records are a result of the same long years of pioneering research that gave you the original Long Playing Record and the fabulous "360" High Fidelity Phonograph. Working with techniques and

equipment far in advance of the industry, Columbia Sound Engineers have developed what is admittedly the finest stereo sound on records today...the only *Guaranteed Stereo-Fidelity*. At the same time they have created a complete line of stereophonic phonographs which will play the new records, as well as your existing high-fidelity records, as no others can.

Here are just a few of the remarkable records which are now setting the standard for excellence in stereo reproduction. Ask your dealer to demonstrate them on a Columbia Stereo-Fidelity Phonograph this week.

MAHLER: Sym. No. 3 in C Minor ("Resurrection")—Bruno Walter cond. the N. Y. Philharmonic, soloists and the Westminster Choir. MS 601  
 BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 8 in F Major, Op. 88 ("Pastorale")—Bruno Walter, conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. MS 602  
 STRAVINSKY: *Le Sacre du Printemps*—the N. Y. Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor. MS 603  
 RESPIGI: *Pines of Rome*; *Fountains of Rome*—The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. MS 604  
 THEATRE PARTY—Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra. CS 806  
 SWING SOFTLY—Johnny Methis with Percy Faith and his orch. CS 808  
 JAZZ IMPRESSIONS OF EURASIA—the Dave Brubeck Quartet. CS 809

# COLUMBIA

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to the producer's secret disappointment, since a lawsuit to collect the \$1,000 would have provided additional fine publicity.)

The most successful of today's P. T. Barnum type showmen is a New Englander named Joseph E. Levine, who is responsible for the U.S. showings of such films as the Japanese-made monster movie *Godzilla* and an Australian-made quickie which he called *Walk into Hell*. (He resents accusations that this title represented a sensational piece of tampering with the original. "In Australia it was called *Walk into Paradise*," he says. "I just changed one word.") A year ago he pulled off his greatest coup with an old Italian film called *Attila*, which nobody else in the U.S. had been willing to buy even at the modest asking price of \$100,000. Levine spent \$150,000 having 300 prints of the film made so that he could show it simultaneously around the nation—in order, his detractors say, to get in and out before the critics could make their opinions known. He also spent about \$500,000 on billboards, publicity, newspaper advertising and radio and TV plugs, fired off in such massive broadsides that nobody but a deaf hermit could escape. So many customers responded, or fell, that the theater rentals on *Attila* totaled \$2 million, giving him a profit of roughly a million and a quarter.

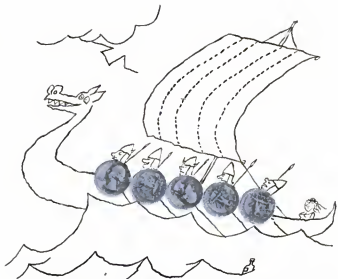
For better or worse, however, the old-fashioned kind of flamboyant showmanship practiced by Levine is rapidly disappearing from the moving-picture world. Hollywood today is a very serious place. It is generally conceded among the movie-makers that television has forever banished the B-picture and that only the most beautifully written, expensively cast and lavishly produced "blockbusters" can make any money. This is why Agent Feldman was recently able to get that \$1 million-a-picture deal for Director George Stevens, as well as \$750,000 plus 20% of the profits for Actor John Wayne's next film and an arrangement which gives Writer Dan Taradash a guarantee of at least \$200,000, and a chance at a million or more, on his next screenplay. Some of the oldtime Hollywood tycoons argue that the demands the agents are making in behalf of talent these days are the industry's biggest handicap. But actually these demands merely reflect the fact that a good movie can make more money than ever before, no matter how much it costs, whereas a movie made without talent is likely to lose money, no matter how little it costs.

M-G-M, which is spending more than \$14 million to produce *Ben-Hur*, considers this a far safer investment than say just \$1 million spent on a routine story of boy meets girl in modern Manhattan. But no company puts up \$14 million without a lot of very serious thinking, and everybody down to the merest extra can feel the terrible strain. Moreover the Hollywood depression and the tax structure have transformed many of the people who used to be its most carefree and irresponsible citizens, namely the actors, into the most sober-sided of all the show businessmen.

### Budgets instead of polo

**S**IGHTSEERS in Hollywood seeking a glimpse of Kirk Douglas between pictures will not find him playing polo or golf, or being driven in a chauffeured limousine to start a happy vacation of surfing in Hawaii, swimming on the Riviera or big-game hunting in Africa. Instead, if they know where to look, they will find him entering an unpretentious office building at 9 a.m. and riding a self-service elevator to an efficiently staffed suite of rooms where he spends all day every day running his Bryna Productions. Douglas is still a little self-conscious about his new role. In the early days of Bryna the trade paper *Variety* ran a headline which called him an actor-tycoon. "This," he admits, "scared the hell out of me." He scorns a conventional desk and prefers to do most of his work lying full length on a couch. But there he devotes the most serious study to film ideas, treatments, scripts, casts and budgets.

Started four years ago, Bryna Productions has now produced seven pictures. The first made money and the next four lost money. The sixth, *Paths of Glory*, was a modest financial success. The seventh was *The Vikings*, which was supposed to cost \$3 million but ran into unexpected difficulties, including miserable weather. Douglas personally had to make the decision to throw in another million dollars to keep the pot boiling. He wound up with a \$4 million picture, which meant that he could hardly so much as hope to break even unless an awful lot of people proved willing to see it. The chances were that his company would wind up flat broke, leaving him not even one slim dime



"THE VIKINGS" ran into bad weather, forcing Producer-Star Kirk Douglas to gamble an extra \$1 million in filming costs. He won: the film turned big profit.

to show for four years of hard work. But *The Vikings* proved to be a great box office draw and present indications are that it will make Bryna Productions a profit of around \$3.5 million.

The other side of the coin in Hollywood is that thousands and thousands of its jobs have vanished, probably forever—especially for the B-movie writers, directors and actors, for such technicians as cameramen and electricians and for the press agents, bookkeepers and office help. Any smart young college graduate, looking to start up the ladder in an expanding industry, would view the movies with horror. But if he likes that sort of business and wants to live around Los Angeles, all he has to do is walk next door and get into television.

The Republic studio, though completely out of the business of making movies, is just as busy as it ever was, making films to be shown on television. In production on the Columbia lot during one recent week were only two movies—but a full dozen television films. For every writer thrown out of work by the movies a new one has been hired in television, and the same goes for the camera and stage crews. In fact television is already turning out more movie film than the movies themselves ever did. In its heyday Hollywood's 500 movies a year amounted to around 700 hours of shows. The two biggest TV studios alone, Desilu and Revue, already produce nearly that much film a year—and this at a time when many hours of the television day are still filled with old movies.

As the Disney Studios' President Roy Disney says, "Television has been living off the movie industry's old clothes." When the old clothes are finally worn out, television will have to produce so much entertainment as to make the movie industry at its biggest look like a Little Theater operation. A television station operating from 7 a.m. to midnight needs 6,205 hours a year of something that people are willing to look at. A city with four channels needs 24,820 hours a year.

Television has already spawned some of the greatest business dramas of all time. It turned George Burns, an ex-vaudevillean who claims very little talent for business, into the millionaire businessman head of McCadden Productions, which produces three programs: his own show, *The Bob Cummings Show* and *Flight*. Jackie Gleason, a chronic failure in show business, struck the public fancy on TV and sold his services as an \$11 million package—just before the bottom fell out of his ratings. Because Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball happened to put their *I Love Lucy* on film from the start, they were able to sell the old films for between \$4 and \$5 million—which they are now parlaying into heaven knows how much at their Desilu Studios. CBS paid a lot of money for the right to film an *Amos 'n' Andy* series, ran into violent objections from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People—but made a couple of millions "syndicating" the films for individual showings by local stations (which did not care whether the N.A.A.C.P. liked the films or not).

None of these big-money deals is being made in TV at the moment. The competition is now too fierce and the cash too tight. Indeed budgets are the most painful problem of the TV industry today. There are

only a few weekly big-budget shows like the Ed Sullivan, Steve Allen, Perry Como and Dinah Shore hours, which cost anywhere from \$90,000 to \$150,000 each. In addition there are occasional spectacles, like the recent \$600,000 production of *Wonderful Town*. But the typical TV show is a modest little half-hour on film, produced on a budget of around \$40,000 by a producer who has to watch every penny and cut every possible corner.

These typical TV shows—like *Bachelor Father*, *Father Knows Best* and the half-hour westerns—represent a full week's work for everybody concerned, and a pretty hard week at that. For the writer, indeed, they may represent many weeks of work. Running 26 minutes (to allow time for four minutes of commercials) they are nearly a third as long as the average full-length moving picture. Yet the producer and director of a half-hour TV show ordinarily get only around \$1,000 each, the writer \$2,000 and the two or three leading actors \$2,000 among them.

The total costs for the material, top talent and administration of a half-hour TV show thus run to a mere \$6,000. The rest of the \$40,000 goes for the sets, music, technical crews, film processing and the minor actors known as extras.

### Hacks back-to-back

SOME TV shows like *Death Valley Days* and *Annie Oakley*, designed frankly for the syndicated trade and never intended for network showings, are made even more cheaply on budgets of as little as \$30,000 a week. This type of shoestring operation is performed by very young men of very great energy, who may not be able to make good shows but can at least make them fast. The producer tries not to make a move until he has at least two stories ready to go before the camera. Then, if he is making westerns, he rents the cheapest ranch he can find near Hollywood, hires some actors, horses and cameramen on a weekly rate and proceeds to shoot his two shows "back-to-back" at a frantic pace, the first one on Monday and Tuesday, the second on Wednesday and Thursday, allowing Friday for "slopovers" of scenes he was too busy to do as he went along.

By keeping the same actors working through on two jobs, the quickie TV producer makes many savings—among them such relatively trivial things as the cost of the dry cleaning which union rules demand when a costume changes hands. By juggling the sequence in which the action is shot, the director makes one actor serve the purpose of two, or sometimes even three. The cowboy being chased by an Indian in one camera take may very possibly, as the scene appears on the television screen, also be the Indian who is chasing him. Indeed there may be occasions when an Indian throws a tomahawk which later lands in his own back when he is a cowboy. Sometimes the hero and villain in a chase sequence may be different people

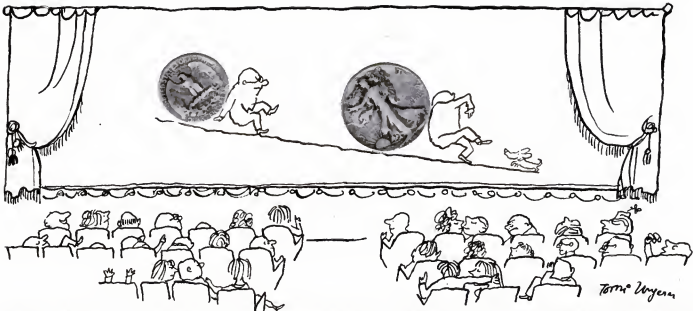
riding the same horse. Close students of these quickie outdoor shows will also note that the proportion of action to talk varies quite widely from time to time. This is not because some writer suffering the pangs of creation in his lonely attic decided the story would be better that way. It is because the writers are told, as soon as the days start getting shorter in the fall, to throw in a lot of scenes that can be filmed indoors under lights, thus requiring more dialogue to keep things going.

Even with all the shortcuts, even with the \$30,000 budgets for syndicated shows and \$40,000 budgets for the network half hours, there is no great profit to be made out of filming TV shows right now. The advertisers who foot the bill for television have their own budgets and cannot pay more for a show than it is worth to them in increased sales. Moreover the advertisers have to pay the TV station or network to broadcast their shows, which greatly increases bills. Thus the selling price of TV shows is such that most of them barely break even the first time around and rely for profits on the hope of reruns in the future. This has created what seems at the moment like a hopeless dilemma. Most people in television are convinced that they have exhausted all the possibilities of the present budgets. As TV veteran Jack Webb of *Dragnet* puts it, "There is no way to improve our product without more money, and the advertiser can't come up with more money. So we're at a Mexican standoff."

If many TV shows are dull and monotonous it is because they, like everything else in show business, are subject to the workings of ancient economic law. TV film shows have to be made for a total cost of \$1,000 to \$1,700 per minute of running time. Today's movies, which do not always escape being humdrum themselves, cost anywhere from \$10,000 a minute for the cheapest ones to \$64,000 a minute for *The Ten Commandments*. Naturally the best talent such as Director George Stevens and Writer Dan Taradash will not be found working in the TV studios. Most actors playing in TV series are youngsters who never quite made it in the movies or oldtimers who could make it no longer.

Some viewers-with-alarm think that television will be the death of show business. Today's run-of-the-mill TV shows, it is argued, are driving more and more people away from their sets, which can only result in a vicious circle in which costs will have to be cut still further and the shows will then get even worse. At the same time television is getting people used to free entertainment, and it is an old adage of show business that once you start to give something away, you can no longer sell it.

Undoubtedly television has created a crisis in show business. But the whole history of show business consists of nothing but one crisis after another, none of which has yet proved fatal. There is so much money to be made solving the eternal problems of show business that a whole army of volunteers is always willing to try—and somebody always succeeds.



TURNING A PROFIT IS AN UPHILL PROCESS, BUT MONEYED BACKERS KEEP TRYING, HOPING SOMEONE WILL CARE—AND FILL THE THEATER AND THEIR POCKETS





Going the holiday rounds?  
Let White Horse carry you merrily

# Without the girls, show biz

Just about every night in just about every good-sized nightclub in the country, the same scenes are repeated—much as they are shown on these pages. Waiting their cue backstage, show girls slump artlessly on chairs, casual about their beauty as they while away the time with games and books and discussions—mainly

about men. But when the band strikes up they become suddenly aware of the importance of their loveliness. Tugging a strap here, adjusting a plume there, they saunter haughtily out into the nightclub, gorgeously decorated and wreathed in careful smiles. Their job is not to dance, as the chorus girls do. They simply

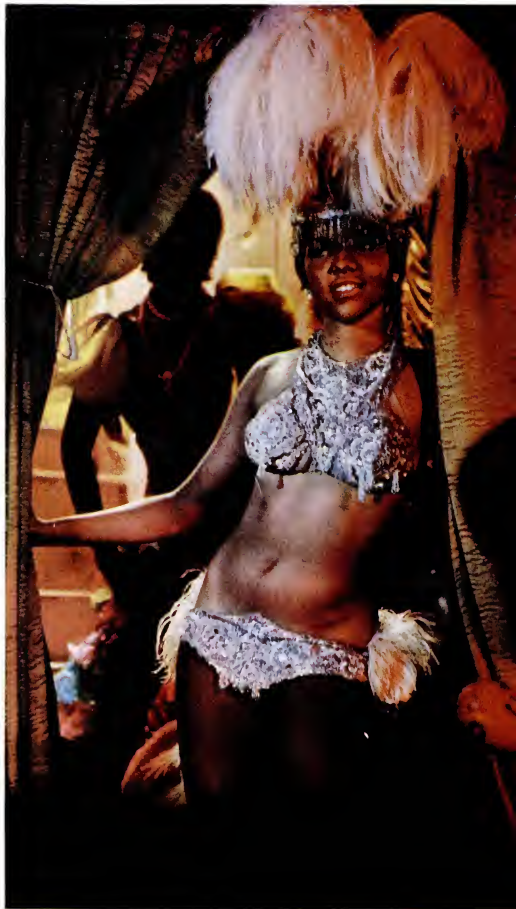
stand or walk about, stared at and admired as figures of glamor and enchantment.

In the world of light entertainment, the most staple commodity is girls. While styles of comedy are always changing, song hits come and go and dancers tap out new rhythms, show girls go on forever. In America the best



# is no biz

showcases for pure unadulterated girliness are the big nightclubs. Everywhere from Broadway to Hollywood, wherever customers sit down to see a show and quench their thirst, a pretty girl is the common denominator of entertainment—living, breathing proof of the poet's point that beauty is its own excuse for being.



**BETWEEN SCENES** in the show at New York's Latin Quarter, Pat Farrell prepares to make a chess move. Opponent (right) is Grace Sundstrom. Kibitzing at left is Shirley Forrest, an ex-schoolteacher.

**READY TO GO ON.** Sherelle Powell stands in the wings at Atlantic City's Club Harlem. Show girls like their jobs because they make more money than chorus girls and have to do a lot less physical work.

CONTINUED

## In Las Vegas, Paris imports who see nothing novel in nudity

Out in Las Vegas, amid the desert sands, there is a very special group of girls. They come from all over—England, France, Germany, Holland, the U.S. Some of them speak no English at all. But in the show girl trade, words are just a nuisance and these girls are attracting an audience of 1,400 a night. They are members of the celebrated Lido show, imported from Paris by Las Vegas' Stardust Hotel, and they are professional nudes. Their costumes are about the most lavishly feathered and jeweled in the business, but they wear them mainly on their heads. The Lido girls got to Las Vegas in time for a great public argument over whether bosoms should be covered or not. To them, this seemed silly. "It's ridiculous," says Sheila Shephard of England (right). "If people don't want to see undraped bodies, they should go where bodies are draped."



**DECKED IN FEATHERS**, Pierrette Corocher of Paris waits in the Stardust Hotel dressing room. She is engaged to a law student in Paris, speaks no English.



**LAST TOUCH OF MAKE-UP** is dabbed by Sheila Shephard as she leaves (a) stage. She has a husband in England, was a nude in London before joining Lido.





UP TO THE CATWALK above the Stardust stage, girls climb a ladder. It leads them to their places in the "living curtain" number that starts the Lido show.



# NEW IDEA: COCKTAIL RECIPES GO HIGHBALL SIZE!

4 famous people test New Canada Dry holiday highballs.

Reveal bubbles improve taste, curb aftereffects.



**SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE** meets Spectacular Scotch Old-Fashioned alias Old Style Scotch Old-Fashioned. "No longer a fruit punch, a manly drink! Soda makes it very dry, not sweet, much more enjoyable." Recipe:  $\frac{1}{2}$  lump sugar, in base of Jumbo highball glass, dash bitters, muddle. Add ice, 2 oz. favorite Scotch Whisky, slice of orange. Fill with livelier Canada Dry Club Soda.



**GLADYS SWARTHOUT** discovers Mountainous Manhattan alias Manhattan Cocktail. Says, "It's an appealing cocktail, new after-dinner drink too. Has limitless enjoyment." Recipe: 2 oz. of Whiskey in tall glass,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. dry Vermouth, dash bitters, ice, stir. Fill with light, dry, Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Garnish with cherry. (Note: Our Club Soda makes it "veddy"—"veddy" dry!)



**RAY ANTHONY** uncovers the Martini Tallboy alias Martini on the Rocks and says, "Hi-spot's Lemony flavor mutes this drink, bubbles brighten the taste, makes drink go further." Recipe: 2 oz. dry Gin in tall glass, dash of bitters, ice, add clear, Canada Dry Hi-spot Lemon Soda. (Note: Our Club Soda makes a drier drink.) Use no Vermouth. Garnish with twist of lemon.



**GENE SARAZEN** greets Big Bourbon Delight alias Bourbon on Rocks Cocktail. "This drink is smooth. Credit the mixer, no score keeping needed on how many you take, credit the bubbles." Recipe: 2 oz. Bourbon in big glass, ice, fill with longer-lasting bubbles in Canada Dry Club Soda. Garnish with sprig of mint. (Note: Our Ginger Ale blends smoothly, too!)

**NEW MODERATE LIVING TREND.** For a happier today and tomorrow, easy does it!

Tall drinks with sparkling Canada Dry Mixers fit the pattern. The ineffable, exclusive bubbles, "Pin-Point Carbonation," make highballs better for you:

Bubbles speed the liquid through system 80% faster than plain water • Bubbles aid digestion • Bubbles curb unpleasant morning after • Canada Dry flavor enhances liquor's taste!





Glad of a steady influence



Left with a leg to stand on

## COUPLE OF SWELL SKATES

At Christmastime television likes to put its best feet forward. This year one of the biggest shows put its feet in ice skates—at least, it did this to Carol Channing and Cyril Ritchard on Hallmark's *The Christmas Tree* (NBC-TV). Carol (who once was the gentlemen-preferred blonde) and Cyril (who was Peter Pan's enemy, Captain Hook) were dressed up as a pair of elegant bums. They swirled around the ice and fished Christmas presents out of a garbage can.

When she signed for the show Carol had not been on skates for 21 years and made the producers put a clause in her contract providing that she wouldn't have to go near the ice unless Cyril was with her. Cyril studied and got so he could execute a figure eight. Carol got so she could stand up (just about). All the while, as these rehearsal pictures show, she managed to cast her co-star in a supporting role.



A finale that forces her  
to take most of the bows

# GREAT LIFE



**B**ARRING the war years, it is hard to remember a time like 1958, when so many smashing news events crowded one on another—Nixon in Venezuela, U.S. troops in Lebanon, De Gaulle, the *Nautilus* and the *Explorer*, the death of the Pope. You saw these great newspicture stories in LIFE, often just four days after the event, always in terms of the people who made the news. Yet a year ago, no one could have promised you these stories, for the best of LIFE is unpredictable. And no one can foretell where or when the news will happen in 1959. But as 1958 also proved, the news is not just the big, shattering events that change history's course. Next year the news may also be found in a collection of priceless paintings by an Old Master, in the natural history of South America, in what a fisherman sees in the dawn's light or what

In the year ahead only **LIFE**



# YEAR AHEAD



a girl-watcher sees at a busy airport. All this, too, LIFE will bring you. Some parts of LIFE are, of course, predictable—the big picture portfolios and series only LIFE does so well and so frequently. You can look forward to many of these: a Great Tour of the Rocky Mountain states; a new, multipart series on the history of the West; more in LIFE's series on America's great families; a view inside Red China (scheduled for Jan. 5); additional instalments in Darwin's World of Nature series; new photo essays photographed for LIFE in Russia; the private papers of Benjamin Franklin; and a two-part report by Robert Coughlan on the sometimes violent growth of nationalism in Africa. You won't want to miss a single copy of LIFE in 1959. Why not use the post-paid order card in this issue to enter—or renew—your subscription today?

*Andrew Heiskell, Publisher*

***Will give you so much... so swiftly, so surely.***

# 'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Christmas is always a time for youngsters to play entertainer. Portraying reindeer, angels with homemade wings and reed-voiced shepherds, they usually wind up entertaining themselves as much as their audiences. Getting yulefully into the Christmas pageantry in these pictures are some first-graders at The Elisabeth Morrow School in Englewood, N.J. Decking themselves with boughs for antlers, they acted out Clement Moore's poem (below) about the ever-enchanting arrival of Santa Claus.



... His nose like a cherry!

## 'A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS'

**T** WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. NICHOLAS soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,



Not a creature was stirring...

And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;  
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer and Vixen!*  
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder and Blitzen!*  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.  
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"



*While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads*



HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL;  
AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!





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*Sometimes flower petals tell  
What softness is (If you listen well)*



*Softness is Northern*



*Northern Tissue is  
made with fluff  
Nothing else  
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